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A HANGING GARDEN.

It was an empty robins' nest
Left over from last year!
And yet it held a tender guest
That wept a dewdrop tear.

It turned its eye upon the sky—
The wind the tear brushed off;
And when the sun came out on high
Its elfin cap 'twould doff.

The guest—'twas but a chickweed flower
The tiniest ever seen—
Made of the robins' nest a bower
And kept their memory green.

Who knows how there the seedling grew
With leaves and flowering stem?
So long ago the robins flew,
You cannot ask of them!
—Edith M. Thomas in St. Nicholas.

JIM LANE, HERO.

Nestled down in an intervening nick between the barren and wind swept sand dunes of the far eastern end of Long Island, nearly under the shadow of the tall tower from which the light of Montauk point nightly affords the voyagers of the sea a beacon by which they may steer into a safe haven, with the Atlantic's mighty billows rolling up almost to its door, stands the home which has sheltered four generations of the Lane family. It is a modest structure of wood, and the paint which has been placed upon it annually in the springtime is now almost worn off by the fierce easterly gales that have beat upon it since September brought in the season of storm.

But there has been great rejoicing in that little homestead since Jim Lane came back to the father, brothers and sisters from whom he had been separated for fifteen years. It was a story worth the telling that Jim had to give them, and in testimony of the truth of which he displayed his medals and his papers. A reporter was introduced to him by a mutual friend, and while Jim was modestly loath to speak about himself, the friend supplied the missing links in the narrative of his heroism and his honors.

The scene and the time shift from New York in the closing days of 1862 to Apia, the chief town of the Samoan islands, in March, 1889, a week after the fierce Pacific hurricane had wrecked two United States and three German warships upon the coral reefs. Toward the end of the week Jim Lane, captain of the foretop and coxswain of the captain's gig of the United States sloop-of-war Nipsic, sat a-straddle of the low fence surrounding the trader's store at Apia, waved his hand defiantly at the bullets of the marine guard of his ship, then sprang over to the outer side of the palings and was soon swimming off to his vessel with a necklace of bottles of gin hanging upon his sturdy shoulders.

During the hurricane a gigantic wave had swept the Nipsic upon the beach, and its recession had floated her free again, and she was the only vessel of the international fleet there assembled, except the British corvette Calliope, that ever plowed the seas again. Lane and a squad of his shipmates had been granted a day's shore leave by Captain Mullen, the commander of the Nipsic, and when they did not return at the appointed hour a detachment of the marine guard, with a lieutenant in charge, was sent ashore to look them up. They were found in the [illegible] in the embraces of liquor. To the summons of arrest every man except Lane surrendered. He ran for the fence, jumped astride of it, coolly sat there for several moments, while the marines, under instructions from the lieutenant, were firing at him, safely escaped all their shots, and in the quick gathering darkness of the tropics made his way to the ship.

The lieutenant followed with his prisoners. He was furious at the contempt which Lane had manifested, and demanded that Captain Mullin should report the fractious sailor man for court martial to Admiral Kimberly, who was present at Samoa and in command of the Pacific squadron. But Mullen refused to do so. He had a vivid and lasting remembrance of Lane's services on the day of the fateful hurricane, when Lane had stood at the wheel of the Nipsic for eight long hours, he having been selected for that important duty by the captain because he was the strongest seaman and the best helmsman in the ship's company. Through that tremendous storm, when vessel after vessel was pounding upon the reefs or sinking, Lane had remained steadfast at his post, and Captain Mullen decided that his faithfulness then should condone his later dereliction.

But the lieutenant was firmly resolved upon vindicating his outraged dignity and the discipline of the naval service. He caused to be conveyed to Admiral Kimberly, without Captain Mullin's knowledge, information of the affair on shore, and the admiral summoned a court martial. That judicial body promptly found Lane guilty, and their sentence was that he be deprived of all the medals that he had won by gallant service in the past; that he should forfeit the pay due him, and that he be conveyed to the nearest port in the United States and there be dishonorably dismissed from the ranks of the navy. This harsh sentence was promptly carried into effect. The convicted man was sent to San Francisco, and at the Mare island navy yard his medals were stripped from his breast and his uniform from his body, and in a suit of civilian's clothes he was drummed out to the gate of the yard, the drummers and fifers playing the "Rogues' March," and he was turned loose upon the world without a dollar in his pockets.

But the disgraced sailor was too plucky to fear to face fortune's buffets. Strolling up the streets of San Francisco, he entered the office of the California Navigation company, which runs a line of steamships down the Pacific coast to Mexican and South American ports. He was at once accepted as an able seaman, and when the next of the company's ships left port he stood upon her deck. Another opportunity of distinguishing himself gallantly was not long in coming. The next day the vessel was pitching and rolling in a stormy sea. A woman passenger was standing at the rail near the stern when an unusually heavy lurch of the steamer into the trough of the sea sent her overboard. Lane was over after her in a second, without waiting even to grasp a life preserver.

The ship was running at the speed of fifteen knots an hour, and before a boat could be lowered she was five miles away from the scene of disaster. It was nearly night, and in the gloom the boat's crew could see nothing of Lane and the woman. Still they rowed steadily in their supposed direction, sending up rockets and burning signal lights in the hope that they might be guided by them. Meanwhile the steamer lay to and also burned signals.

Two hours had passed and the men in the boat were about to give up the search and head for the ship, when a feeble voice came out of the night and waves and on the crest of a billow a dark object was seen. "Give way, men; that's him," shouted the boatswain, and in a moment more Lane and the rescued woman were hauled over the gunwale. She was unconscious—nearly dead—and Lane so exhausted that he could only mutter, "It's all right, boys." before he was stretched out in a faint on the thwarts of the boat. For 120 minutes he had fought the waves with the woman in his arms, and only his splendid strength and his powers as a swimmer had kept him alive to buoy her up. They were taken back to the ship, and the next morning Lane reported for duty again, but the woman had not entirely recovered when she was landed at Mazatlan, whither she was bound.

The intrepid sailor's next exploit occurred in connection with the same ship on her second succeeding voyage southward and off the same port of Mazatlan. In the teeth of a terrific gale the captain attempted to enter the harbor, and the vessel ran upon the rocks 300 yards from shore. Her pounding soon opened a hole in her bottom and she began settling fast. There were over 200 people on board, and as there is no life saving service on the Mexican coast and the sea was running too high to permit boats being launched the captain and his officers abandoned themselves to despair.

In this direful emergency Lane again came to the front with his indomitable courage and resource. He offered to try to swim ashore with a line, and the captain accepted the desperate chance. Fastening a light coil of rope to his body Lane plunged into the mighty breakers, and in half an hour the fastening of the line convinced those who held it on the ship that he had reached land and had made it fast.

A stout hawser was rigged to the slender line; that, too, was drawn ashore. A life car was improvised, and before the morning dawned the passengers and crew were safely landed upon the Mexican shore.

News of this latest exploit of Lane spread throughout the land. The Massachusetts Society for the Preservation of Life voted him a gold medal. The navy department was informed of his heroism, and the facts being brought to the attention of Secretary Tracy he ordered that Lane's sentence of disgraceful discharge from the navy be revoked, that he be restored to his rank, pay and honors, and that he be allowed to honorably retire from the service if he should so elect.

It was a proud moment for Lane when, on July 26, 1890, on the scene of his disgrace at Mare island navy yard, he was again equipped with his uniform; his medals replaced upon his breast, and he heard the order of the secretary of the navy read in the presence of the whole staff of the yard and his shipmates of all the war vessels then lying there. He chose to accept his retirement from the navy with honor, and is now a trusted officer in the employ of the California Navigation company.

Jim Lane walked into his old home on Wednesday afternoon. He had been granted a furlough of a month by his California employers, and he had determined to spend it among his relatives in the east, whom he had not seen since 1877, when he ran away, then not much more than a boy, to enlist in the navy. When he stepped up to the Lane house and knocked at the door he met a buxom, rosy faced lass, who asked him what he wanted there.

"I want to see Michael Lane, if he is alive," Jim responded.

He was invited in, and in the parlor he was brought face to face with a very old man, who raised himself feebly erect from the chair to greet the visitor.

"Father, don't you know me? I'm Jim!" the traveler cried out, but old Michael Lane could not remember the features of his son. At that moment Mrs. Mulhearn, Jim's sister and mother of the girl who had opened the door for him, came into the room. She took one look at the stranger, and then exclaiming, "It's Jim, sure," fell into his arms.—New York Press.

Plays and Novels.

Most people have a very clear conception of what a good play ought to be and of the precise extent to which realism can go, of course. And there begins a difference of opinion. Realism is a strange, and it is a bad sign of the times that persons who would not tolerate a coarse play read novels little, if at all, short of indecent. An answer suggests itself which may be comprehensive as an explanation, but is insufficient as an excuse. In our Anglo-Saxon social system the young girl is everywhere, and if the shade of Sterne will allow me to say so we temper the wind of our realism to the sensitive innocence of the ubiquitous lamb. Once admit that the young girl is to have the freedom of our theater, and it follows, and ought to follow and very generally does follow, that our plays must be suited to maiden ears and eyes. It is a good thing that this should be so, but the effect is rather strange.

The men who hear plays in English are not, perhaps, much more moral than their contemporaries of Paris, Vienna and Berlin. We like to believe that our women are better than those of foreign nations. We owe it to them to put more faith in them because they are our own—our dear mothers and wives and sisters and daughters, for whom, if we be men, we mean to do all that men can do. But we are all men and women nevertheless, and human, and we have the thoughts and the understanding of men and women and not of schoolgirls. Yet the schoolgirl practically decides what we are to hear at the theater, and, so far as our own language is concerned, determines to a great extent what we are to read.—F. Marion Crawford in Forum.

Not an Earthly Eden.

Wedlock is not Eden any more than men and women are angels while wearing the garment of mortality. The united pair, turning from the altar, albeit one in name, and for the time in heart, are no more made perfect in patience and wisdom than in holiness and happiness. How they fare in the novel state, entered upon with unquestioned eagerness, will depend as much upon the discipline of temper and will and the practice of the everyday graces of mercy, goodness and truth as if each had continued to lead an existence detached from the other and been compelled to defer to the whims of blood relatives and to consult the wishes of chance associates.

The serious mistake that lies at the root of this form of wedded wretchedness is the fatuous belief in one another's perfection, without which ballad makers and romance writers tell us marriage is a mockery. Nobody can live up to a standard as false as it is mischievous. Husbands and wives are as fallible as if they had never been in love, and hoped through love to find a terrestrial heaven.—Marion Harland in Harper's Bazar.

Engraving on Opal.

On account of the thousand fissures of the stone engraving upon opals is always difficult and often impossible. A head of Sappho engraved upon a "presumable opal"—an antique—has been highly valued and carefully studied by experts in gem lore. It is catalogued, so we read, among the treasures of a princely home.—Exchange.

The Removal of Tumors.

Some surgeons, at home and and abroad, have favored, and do now favor, early extirpation even in the case of benign tumors, but many advise noninterference so long as tumors are small, painless, stationary or of slow growth.—Popular Science Monthly.

An Anecdote of Whittier.

To Whittier in his earlier years laggard recognition brought his full share of the discipline which is peculiar to genius, and which no lesser spirit can suppose itself to understand. But he conquered it, the world knows how thoroughly. He was never in the least unperceptive of the facts of his literary history. Once he was found in the library of one of his Boston friends, silent and sad, in a mood not usual to him. Seeking to cheer him his hostess ventured some quiet words reminding him of the deep personal affection in which he was held the wide world over. His morning mail lay beside him. She pointed to the pile of grateful and adoring letters.

"Ah, yes," he said; "but they say Tennyson has written a perfect poem."—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in Century.

BARBARIANS IN WASHINGTON.

The Grand Army of General Average with Its Hosts of Women.

What is a "crush tea?" It is an invention of this fin de siecle society to keep up with the procession, know everybody and get rid of what are called "social obligations" with the least trouble to yourself and the least amount of pleasure to your guests. Mistresses of drawing rooms capable of accommodating—using this word in its literal sense—fifty people, do not hesitate to jam into them two or three hundred, and the extraordinary part of the performance is that the more these people are jammed the better they like it. Of course there are exceptions, but exceptions are unworthy of consideration. If exceptions had their say, society would be spelled just the same in spite of phonetics, but it would mean something else. Exceptions are "not in it."

The Grand Army of General Average flock to a crush tea with an avidity unexampled on earth. Whether they are as anxious and as ready for heaven is doubtful. After flocking the conversation next day is, ten chances to one, after this fashion: "My dear, I was crushed to death, literally, I assure you. Never saw such a jam in my life. Everybody was there, even old Mrs. Toodles. Why that woman is asked I don't know. She got me in a corner and began talking to me about her home for something or other, just as though I'd put on my Paris gown to be stuck in a corner when there were no end of men in the dining room. Yes, men, my dear—not snips, but men. Really, Mrs. De Tompkins ought to be more particular whom she asks, especially in so small a house, where you couldn't swing a cat if your life depended on it."

That's the way some of the general average "go on," and the more they chatter the more likely they are to have begged for an invitation from poor, abused Mrs. De Tompkins. It is beyond doubt that women calling themselves ladies actually beg for invitations to all manner of entertainments, in some cases actually having the impertinence to present themselves even without an invitation extorted at the point of the bayonet! It is not long ago that a scene occurred at the Chinese legation so disgraceful as to force our friends from the antipodes to issue cards of admission to their next ball in order to prevent the presence of an unasked mob.

Who are the "barbarians?" One need not be Chinese to answer. The offenders are almost always women, a fact which leads us to ask where lies that inherent delicacy supposed to be the birthright of my sex? If Washington society is to be endurable, a new code of etiquette should be adopted. The solicitations of people who do not wait to be asked to public and private functions should be ignored; cards of admission should be issued to those who are invited. A land of alleged liberty ought not to mean a land of intolerable liberties. Ladies and gentlemen will never project themselves unasked on my host or hostess. Human beings who do are unfit to associate with those who would commit hara-kiri before so disgracing themselves.—Kate Field's Washington.

An Interrupted Oration.

[illegible] ago, Dr. B. [illegible] related the following story of school days to some friends: "Good old Dr. B. had the somewhat discouraging task of training us to become the country's future orators. We always called him 'Prexy Rhetoricals.' He was an eccentric old fellow, and had a habit of cutting our weekly declamations short that he might go home early in the afternoon. We never could know when one of us might be cut off in the most eloquent part of some stirring bit of oratory with the stereotyped remark, 'Very well done; next!'

"Tom Cotting was the most promising member of the class for the oratorical laureateship. One afternoon when 'Prexy' was in a greater hurry than ever to finish declamations, Tom held us spellbound by a masterly rendering of the speech of 'Spartacus to the Gladiators.' Just as he was launching out his defiance of the Roman tyrants, 'Prexy' cut him off in the usual way.

"Tom, the next week, when his turn came, mounted the platform, and, making a most profound bow, carelessly remarked: "'As I was saying last week when I was interrupted, after Spartacus,' and then he launched into the remainder of the speech. 'Prexy' was speechless, and that afternoon, and for seven afterward, the boys were allowed to finish their pieces without interruption."—Boston Globe.

How to Guess a Woman's Age.

A volume of memoirs has been published giving the experiences of a French president of the assize. It bears curious testimony to the inaccuracy of women on the subject of their own ages. As the writer's information is from the calendar, he speaks only of the criminal classes. The only instances in which he finds correct dates given by women are when they are under twenty-five or over eighty-five. At these periods of life, he says, they are to be trusted.

At all other periods the sure controlling tendency is to understate. The magistrate has been able to give a rule for guidance. He finds that female prisoners invariably state their ages as twenty-nine, thirty-nine, forty-nine or fifty-nine, and from this remarkable circumstance he deduces his rule. If the ages are in the forties they boldly set them down in the thirties, but conscience asserting itself, they keep as near the truth as they can and fix them at thirty-nine. Whether male criminals do the same the magistrate does not state.—London News.

Notes on History.

Miss A. C. Graham in The University Correspondent gives the following as bona fide questions and answers in some of her school examinations:

Wesley was the founder of Wesleyan chapel, who was afterward called Lord Wellington; a monument was erected to him in Hyde park, but it has been taken down lately. Who was Henry III? A zealous supporter of the church, and died a dissentry. What is divine right? The liberty to do what you like in church. What is a papal bull? A sort of cow, only larger, and does not give milk. Perkin Warbeck raised a rebellion in the reign of Henry VIII. He said he was the son of a prince, but he was really the son of respectable people.

How He Loved Her.

Clara—Did you bring it?

Mr. Slimpurse—Yes, my love, but I heard a terrible story at the jeweler's, my angel A wild eyed, dark skinned man is roaming through the country hunting for a sacred jewel which was stolen from an Asiatic tribe by an American tourist, and the half crazed fanatic will wade through blood to get it.

Clara—Horrors!

Mr. Slimpurse—Yes, my sweet, and so, to avoid all risk, I brought you a plain gold ring.—New York Weekly.

The Law of Falling Bodies.

All falling bodies, whether they be crystal rain drops or meteorites, fall with what philosophers term "a uniform accelerated motion;" in other words, if a body be moving at a certain velocity at the expiration of one second from the beginning of its fall, it will be moving with twice that velocity at the expiration of two seconds, gaining in speed at an uniform rate throughout the course of its fall.—London Nature.

Fun on Shipboard.

Two sailors on shipboard were telling about their hard fate one wet, dreary night.

One said to the other. "Well, we were fools, annyway, whin we lift the ould dart."

The other says: "Sure you're roight about that. But cudn't we get up a bit av a cilibration to relave the monotony of the v'y'ge?"

"Sure you've no head upon ye," is the reply, "for if you made a noise the captain would discharge you."

"Ah, well, thin, cudn't we get the cannon below, and you would go ahead with a bucket of shtraw to catch the ball, and I'd shtay behind to touch it off, and we'd have the cilibration without the noise?"

"You've a great head upon ye!"

They immediately proceeded to get the cannon below. Larboard Watch went ahead with his bucket of straw to catch the ball. Starboard Watch staid behind to touch it off.

Larboard Watch says: "Touch it off aisy, now. Don't wake the captain."

"Niver moind there! Hould your bucket of shtraw!" and with that the explosion took place, and Larboard Watch went suddenly overboard.

The captain comes hurrying up from below, but before he reaches the stern of the boat a tarpaulin is thrown over the cannon and Starboard Watch resumes his march.

The captain says, "Starboard Watch!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Larboard Watch!" No answer.

"Larboard Watch!" Still no answer.

"Starboard Watch, where is Larboard Watch?"

"Oh, begorra, he's gone ashore with the bucket."

"Will he be back soon?"

"If he comes back as soon as he wint he'll be back soon!"—New York World.

Raising Ten Dollars.

I met the judge in an up town hotel. I would rather not tell you his name, for if he saw it published his feelings might be hurt. He is a small, stout, roly poly man, with a clean shaved face. He takes everything seriously, and he wears a suit of somber hue.

"Could you," he said to me, "could you let me have ten dollars until Monday?"

I said I could not.

"I'm sorry; wish you could."

Then he looked intensely at a cuspidor and seemed to be exercising his thinking machinery at a tremendous rate.

"Yes, I wish you could," he muttered. "Poor Smith, poor fellow. It's a shame."

"What is a shame, and what has Smith got to do with the ten dollars you want? Does he need it so badly?"

"No, but I do. I thought I'd get it from you and I'd let Smith off. He's a good fellow, you know—warm friend of mine—but I suppose I'll have to sock it to him."

"Sock what?"

"Well, you see, it's this way. Just cast your eye over that," and the judge handed me a legal document. It was a warrant for the arrest of Jabez B. Smith.

"This is how it is," said the judge. "I'll have him arrested when I go home today and I'll fine him ten dollars. I hate to do it, though. Sure you can't let me have a ten?"

"Haven't really got it."

"Then Smith has got to pay the penalty of his evil doings."

"Suppose Smith pleads that he [illegible]"

"But he can't."

"Why can he not?"

"Because, by gad, sir, I need that ten dollars."—New York Herald.

Hindoo Bother Archæologists.

Mr. Cousens, superintendent of the Archæological survey of west India, deplores the difficulty of obtaining additional objects for the Bijapur museum. The country around about teems with interesting relics of the past, but the native races object to their removal on superstitious grounds, and are much excited on the subject.

On one occasion, Mr. Cousens states in his report, he discovered a neat little slab representing two elephants fighting. It was half buried in the mud bank of the tank. Men were sent to dig it out, and, this done, they discovered another slab, a most interesting sculpture, representing the Hoysala king slaying the tiger, as described in Fleet's "Dynasties of the Kanarese Districts." The villagers, however, represented that the removal of the slabs meant disaster to themselves. Once before when a chief removed slabs a village was burned, and a European who took away something died suddenly.

The elephants were left, but the king and the tiger were removed, and that very night a hut next to Mr. Cousens' was destroyed by fire. Fortunately, he adds, it was the hut of a low caste family, and Mr. Cousens was therefore left untroubled.—London News.

How the Church Cared Excessive Faith.

Besides condemning magic the church further attempted to direct the excessive faith in the supernatural into higher channels. Instead of invoking Juno Lucina and other heathen demons the young mother was encouraged to repeat the eighteenth psalm and to think of the wonderful deliverance of St. Margaret when swallowed by Satan in the form of a dragon. Did a man suffer from toothache or colic or pains in the back? Let him, instead of decking himself with pagan amulets, consider how much greater pain of those various kinds was endured by St. Apollonia when all her teeth were knocked out; by St. Erasmus when his bowels were torn from his living body, or by St. Lawrence when he was roasting on the gridiron.

And in his prayers for health he would naturally introduce the names of those holy martyrs or of other saints who were similarly connected with other diseases, with a firm faith in their effectual intercession.—London Hospital.

Julia, the immortal heroine of the "New Heloise," was blond; blond also Aurora when she opens with her rosy fingers the eastern doors to the triumphal chariot of the sun.

If all the year were playing holidays, to sport would be as tedious as to work, but when they seldom come the wished for come.—Shakespeare.

At Springfield, Mass., there is a needle company that makes and finishes every year 30,000,000 machine needles.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

We have used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in our family for years and find it to be the best remedy for croup and cough. We have used it for our children who are all subject to throat trouble, with excellent results. We prize it very highly.

Mrs. FRANK H. YORK,
Oneonta, N. Y.

CHEW LANGE'S PLUGS, The Great Tobacco Antidote!—Price 10 Cts. At all dealers.

How Men Are Coddled.

Cooking classes for gentlemen! The final blow to that honorable and old fashioned institution of matrimony. Modern developments are in league against wedlock. Patent buttons have been fashioned that preclude the necessity of a needle. Depots of repairs are established from which issue skilled hand maidens to go into the bachelor's home and reduce the rents in hose and the fractures in linen at minimum cost. The trained nurse has monopolized the most tender of wifely devotions. Indeed the wife is summarily dismissed from the husband's sickroom if danger is imminent.

And the trained nurse is a most engaging, low voiced, gentle institution in picturesque cap and apron. Her hands are like velvet to the touch, but strong and wondrous deft. She knows how to coax and how to command without irritation or fussiness. Obedience is delicious when in accord with her sovereign will. Her dress never rustles. She never cries over a poor fellow when he is too ghastly sick to endure it. She doesn't get her precious feelings injured when his head thumps so he is obliged to call on his Maker with undue unction and familiarity. Apartment houses and clubs galore are luxuriously appointed for the bachelor's comfort.

Gentle women and fresh young maidens sympathize with his ideals and ambitions, and vex him not with tales of the cook's delinquencies or bills for millinery. The chafing dish has been evolved to give zest to his lonely estate. And now the cooking class. Receptions, high teas and luncheons successfully given without a hostess. Beefsteaks always rare and to one's liking. Quails broiled to a turn and terrapin divinely seasoned. "All this, and heaven, too," as the old Long Island deacon said when he saw Lyman Beecher's parlor, with its rag carpet and six ornately decorated chairs.—New York Sun.

An Incident of Childhood.

There is a keen remembrance lingering inerradicably with the writer of a little girl coming to school once upon recitation day with a "piece" of her own selection safely stored away in her childish memory. It was a new poem to the school, and when her turn came to recite her soul was full of the gleam and glory of Camelot. She felt as if she were unlocking a treasure house, and it was with unspeakable pleasure to herself that she gave, verse after verse, the entire poem of "The Lady of Shalott." Doubtless the child's voice drifted away into singsong, as her whole little self seemed to drift away into the land of fairy, and doubless also the busy teacher, who was more familiar with Jane Taylor and Cowper, was sadly puzzled. When the child at length sat down, scarcely knowing where she was in her sudden descent from the land of marvel, she heard the teacher say, to her amazement and discouragement, after an ominous pause, "I wonder if any young lady can tell me what this poem means?"

There was no reply. "Can you tell us?" was the next question pointed at the poor little girl, who had just dropped out of cloudland. "I thought it explained itself," was the plaintive reply. With a slight air of depreciation in another moment the next recitation was called for, and the dull clouds of routine shut down over the sudden and there began to close over the growing child. One joy had for the present faded from her life—that of a sure sympathy and understanding. Not even her teacher could see what she saw, nor could feel what lay deep down in her own glowing heart.—Annie Fields in Harper's.

Men Who Are Bores.

The man who is not a bore if he hits on an uncongenial subject very quickly leaves it. The bore rasps on, oblivious of the mental opposition which he is encountering. The bore has no notion of what is the line of least resistance. He does not pick the smoothest path he can find, but snorts with the utmost unconcern down the road of maximum friction. The man who is not a bore sees in an instant that the story of how the village pump was painted contrary to the orders of the vicar's church warden is not interesting to his audience and immediately changes the subject.

Not so the bore. He knows, or thinks he knows, what is a really good story, and therefore, oblivious of the far away look that has come into the eyes of Miss Jones and Mr. Smith, he makes them drink the anecdote to the dregs. Unaware that he is not sailing down a pleasant stream of talk, he does not spare the smallest detail and recounts verbatim what the clerk said to the pew opener or to the grocer's assistant, who sings alto in the choir. It is this fact, that lack of sympathy and of ability to enter into other people's feelings constitute the bore, that makes it possible for some men to be both bores and not bores.—London Spectator

It Was His First.

The tramp had managed to get into the kitchen about 5 o'clock in the evening, and was enjoying a very fair meal in a warm corner.

"It seems to taste good," ventured the lady of the house, who had taken him in and was pleased with his manner of appreciation.

"It does taste good, madam," he replied earnestly.

Then he ate on silently and thankfully until he was through.

"Do you know, madam," he said, contemplating the wreck of the feast, "that that is what I call a genuine trinity meal?"

"A what?" she exclaimed.

"A trinity meal," he repeated.

"And what is that?"

"Three in one, madam," and then she understood that it was the first he had had that day.—Detroit Free Press.

Advertising to Profit.

A neat illustration of the value of advertising money wisely expended was given at the Portland Young Men's Christian association meeting Sunday when General Secretary McDonald stated that he had some curiosity to know what method of advertising reached the most people. He had circulated thousands of little dodgers, giving notice of the meeting, and he asked those who had seen them and had been moved to come through that means to rise. The hall was packed as full as it could hold, and of the entire number about fifteen arose. Then Mr. McDonald asked all who had read the notice in the newspapers and had been influenced by them to rise, and the men rose in a body.—Bangor Commercial.

A Club of Two.

The Club of Two is composed of Captain William Fowler and Bouton, the one time fashionable tailor. They alternate each year in holding the office of president of the club and meet once a year—on the Fourth of July—and, with their host of invited guests, sit down to a comfortable repast, but every man who eats and drinks must drink nothing but hot whisky, as hot as it can be made, upon what is frequently the hottest time in the year.—New York Times.

A Club of Liars.

The Ananias and Sapphira club is a unique organization whose birthplace is Crawfordsville, Ind. It is said to be the rarest aggregation of lying sportsmen to be found anywhere, over whose farcical deliberations the Hon. E. C. Suyder, judge of the Montgomery circuit court, presides with much gravity, deciding the worthiness of the stories told to be entered in the archives.—New York Times.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

HOW FASHIONS ARE LAUNCHED.

Popular Actresses Are the Best Agents for Starting a New Style.

On the whole it might be found that the most profitable "block" which could be subsidized by dressmakers and milliners is the actress in vogue who shines pre-eminently in modern comedy or modern vaudeville. In such pieces as "La Famille Benoiton," "Le Monde on l'on s'Amuse" and "Les Femmes Fortes" some of the lady members of the company, who wore as many as three or four costumes in the course of the evening—dresses made from the costliest materials and confected with the most exquisite taste—served, perhaps, as better advertisements than if they had been only beheld for a few hours and at irregular intervals in the Bois, on a race course or at some fashionable concert or bazar.

The "mannequin" of the stage is movable; the ladies in the boxes and the gentlemen in the stalls can criticise the dress from every point of view, and decide whether the corsage and the train equaled or surpassed the bodice and petticoat seen from the front. Even the plebeian element in the audience is pleased and incited to emulation by the spectacle of these dazzling and strictly up to date costumes, and when the dresses are associated with the names of justly favorite actresses a stamp of approval is at once given to the dressmaking establishment, to which cunning paragraphs in the newspapers never fail to draw attention.

Nevertheless it must be well understood that the mere puffing of a dressmaker's business by supply tasteful costumes to ladies and actresses, who wear them on the understanding that they are not to pay for them is not, in Paris, at least, the sole method by which widely spread fashionable acceptance can be obtained by the artists in costume. The "mannequin" or "block" system is a very old one in a modish sense, and has been applied in bygone times to dandies as well as belles. Beau Brummell was never called upon, so the scandal mongers of three generations since used to whisper, to pay for a coat, or a hat, or a pair of boots. He had but to name his tailor, his hatter or his bootmaker in ordinary, and the grateful tradesman, to whose shop crowds of would be beaus had resorted, was not only too glad to let his "mannequin" have his equipments for nothing, but would also occasionally present him with a check for a good round sum.

[illegible] take refuge at Calais, it was found that among the creditors who had hunted him out of England were whole brigades of tailors and other tradespeople. Precisely the same calumny, of having acted as a tailor's block, used to be circulated, and probably with about the same infusion of truth in it, concerning Count Alfred d'Orsay, who between 1830 and 1840 was undeniably the leader of London fashions for gentlemen, as the great Stultz and the greater Nugee were the acknowledged monarchs of the kingdom of tailory.

As respects the launching of fashions for ladies it is not improbable that well known names, whether they be aristocratic, operatic or dramatic, render very signal service in enabling successive types of the good ship—"Fashionable Frivolity"—to walk the waters like so many things of life, but before a fashion can be launched it must be built, and before it is constructed it must be devised, and if not absolutely invented it must be skillfully adapted from some bygone mode.—London Telegraph.

The Candle Fish.

One of the piscatorial curiosities of the north Pacific coast, especially plentiful along the shores of British Columbia, is the fish known to Indian, whites and half breeds as the "candle fish." To the scientists he is the eulachon (Thaleichthys pacificus), and is highly esteemed for two reasons. The fish itself is about fourteen inches long, resembles the smelt in general appearances and is caught in large quantities by west coast fishermen during the months of February, March and April. It is the fattest of all fishes, for which reason large numbers of them are dried and smoked to be used as a warming food during the long rigorous winters so common in that region.

Large numbers of them are also run through crude presses, which extract the oil. This is preserved in skin bags and used much in the same manner as whale's blubber is used by the Eskimos. This "candle fish" gets its common name from the fact that when dried it burns with a bright white flame until entirely consumed. It is much used by the "coasters" both of Columbia and Alaska, either with or without a wick passed through its body.—St. Louis Republic.

On Silver heights, near Winnipeg, the experiment is being tried of producing a race of hardy stock by breeding the buffaloes with cattle. The offspring resembles the cow rather than the bison, but has a somewhat shaggy coat and an ill temper.

Business men are largely born, and not made. Some men have the elements of success about them. They cannot help succeeding. Others, able men, too, are natural failures.

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made of herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE.

All druggists sell it at 50c. and $1.00 per package. Buy one to-day. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy, this is necessary.

Losses in Big Hotels.

A well known hotel man said recently: "In all my experience I have never been able to explain to my entire satisfaction why it is that so many hotel guests consider the articles in their rooms public property and persist in carrying them away.

"The losses to a large hotel such as the Grand Pacific, of Chicago," he added, "run high in the thousands of dollars annually from such pilfering. No article is too insignificant to escape the attention of the thieves, nor is there anything in a hotel bedroom except, possibly, the bed, bureau and washstand that may not be carted away.

"Knives and forks, towels and bed clothing are, however, the articles most frequently removed. Still everything has to be watched, from the soap in the dishes to the French clock in the bridal chamber. I can recall several instances of thefts of the last named article, and as for rugs, there is scarcely a hotel proprietor in the country who would leave one of any value in a room.

"John Hoey was an exception to this rule, however, but after the first season or so that he ran the palatial Hollywood at Long Branch he was compelled to have itemized lists drawn up of the articles contained in every sleeping room and suite in his house. When any guest departed an account of the contents of the room vacated was at once taken and compared with the list, and this was done only because experience showed it to be necessary.

"I do not know how the thieves have the face to use the marked articles," said the man in conclusion, "but the fact remains that thousands of articles are taken annually, and I believe that an inspection of the effects in the homes of many a traveler would bring to light a most curious assortment of hotel stuff picked up here and there in journeying over the country."—New York Herald.

Origin of an Indian Name.

One of the most prosperous clubs with supposed Indian names, in whose members can be traced no blood of our aboriginals, the "Poor Lo's" of the school books, is the popular Wawayanda club, to whom thousands of their friends are indebted for the jolliest days of their lives. Their hospitality, lavishly displayed at their handsome out of town clubhouse, is proverbial. In explaining the origin and meaning of the title a member of the club will tell you [illegible] ground upon which the clubhouse stands, gazing with melancholy eyes at the setting sun. He was the only relic of a great tribe of peaceful aborigines who had been swept from the face of the earth or despoiled of their lands and exiled by the wicked white man. A paleface approached him with the inquiry:

"Where is your tribe, noble chief?"

"Way, way yonda," replied the red skinned lover of fire water.

That settled it, and "Wawayanda" became the name of the club for want of a better one, for all the Indian names available had been distributed among other organizations, including Tammany. There seems to be a touch of original sin and Ananias in the always ready explanation, but the hospitality of the club soon dispels the doubt and makes the visitor acknowledge that, with such a welcome and good cheer, a club by any other name would not be as enjoyable.—New York Times.

The Largest Baby Ever Born.

The baby which for general size, height and weight takes the cake as being "the largest on record" was born in Ohio on the 12th day of January, 1879. The "average baby" weighs from six to nine pounds. This giant infant's weight was exactly 23¾ pounds. He (it was a boy) was 2½ feet in height (the common run of babies range from 16 to 20 inches in height) and had a head measuring 19 inches. Its cute little pink foot measured 5½ inches and was as thick as that of the average eighteen-months-old child. About six years prior to this extraordinary event the same woman gave birth to an eighteen pound baby which was 24 inches in height.

Although this may be thought to be a wonderful story by those not informed as to the real facts, it will be shorn of some of its seemingly Mulhattonic marks when it is known that the parents themselves were two of the largest people in the United States at the time of the occurrence related above—they were Mrs. and Mr. M. V. Bates, the former known as the "Nova Scotian Giantess," and the latter as the "Kentucky Wonder." Mrs. Bates was (if my memory is not at fault, she died five or six years ago) 7 feet 9 inches in height, the father of the baby giant being about two inches less in stature.—St. Louis Republic.

How a Woman Judges.

Confidence between man and woman must always be comparative and absolute trust a practical impossibility, since the differences of temperament preclude a perfect understanding. A man can never see a woman entirely as she is or as one of her own sex may see her, and vice versa. Yet a woman is more likely to comprehend a man and his motives than he is to comprehend her, for a woman, while more sensitively sympathetic, judges instantly by instinct, straight and sure as the crow flies. A man, on the other hand, travels the railroad of reason, where there are many shuntings, and a single mistaken signal may upset the whole train of his logic. In judging a woman's motives and feelings a man argues from his own, and deduces conclusions which are, more often than not, radically erroneous.—"Woman Through a Man's Eyeglass."

It Puzzles the Naturalists.

The peculiar breed of cats found in the Isle of Man differs from others only in that they have no tails, and the lack thereof is the insoluble puzzle to naturalists. Since it has become the fashion to explain everything by the principles of evolution, two theories have been offered—one, that owing to the limited range and lack of dense forests the original cats had no use for tails, and consequently they (the tails—not the cats) gradually atrophied for lack of use and became rudimentary; another, that the primitive Manx cut off all their cats' tails and in the course of time developed a tailless breed. One thing is certain, the cats are there, and they have no tails.—Chicago Herald.

Indians with Japanese Origin.

The Indians on the Aleutian islands, the Hon. James Orr states, have a copper shield hammered, and on it are Japanese hieroglyphics, the shield showing clearly Japanese origin. This shield the Indians have handed down from generation to generation.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

AN EAST WIND.

A shrike is mourning on the ash;
The clouds above are blue as stones;
The east wind lays its searching lash
On the world's old bones.

The sand is spinning off the ridge;
The elm tree gives a doleful shout;
Each shaft of stubble sings like a midge;
The leaves are hustled about.

Nothing is in tune today—
Nothing has spirit or wings;
The wind is in no mood for play,
And says sarcastic things.

The sparrows are nursing their hardihood,
In the leeward cave of a barn,
And one old pirate is warming his blood
By telling the others a yarn.

The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.
OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS

One dollar per year, in advance.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1893.

MR HARKINS AS BURGESS.

The Republicans of Bristol, in Convention assembled, without a dissenting voice, placed one of its best citizens, Thomas B Harkins, in nomination for the office of Burgess of this town

Mr. Harkins needs no eulogy to commend him. No decent man has said, or can say anything against his character as an upright, conscientious citizen, who, in whatever position placed, would do his duty with painstaking fidelity

As Burgess of Bristol, Mr. Harkins will be found to be the right man in the right place. For many years he has been a citizen of this town and knows its needs. He was three times elected to serve as Councilman and the experience he has had in that honorable body will more fully enable him to be of service to the people of Bristol now

The next few years will require able and experienced men at the head of our municipal affairs Men who will give thoughtful, careful and intelligent consideration of the measures that will come before them Prominent among these in the near future is the question of sewerage and the matter of granting the privileges of certain streets to electric passenger railroads. Mr Harkins, as Burgess, can be confidently relied upon to look after the interests of the borough and its people in regard to these matters

In view of the character of the man and the amount and importance of the work to be done, the people of Bristol, without regard to political affiliations, should emphasize their desire for efficient and capable government by giving Thomas B. Harkins a rousing majority for Burgess. With his hand at the helm the affairs of the town will sail towards a prosperous conclusion

MR JOHN K WILDMAN, the present President of the Board of Directors of the Bristol Public School District, is the nominee of the Second ward Republicans for re-election to the School Board. Mr. Wildman will be re-elected. He takes a very great interest in the welfare of the public schools, and gives much of his time and thoughtful attention to all matters that pertain to their advancement. Bristol the educational department of the borough, and the citizens of the Second ward are glad to have an opportunity of placing a man of his scholarly attainments in a position where he can serve the borough so well.

THE representative Democrats of Bristol assembled at the office of John C Stuckert, on last Thursday evening, and selected Joseph Bannister as their candidate for Burgess. It is not necessary to belittle the qualifications of Mr Bannister in order to make votes for Mr Harkins for Burgess, and we can cheerfully say in his behalf that he is a citizen of Bristol of good repute Mr. Bannister does not expect to be elected, but wants a full party vote as a proof that when he is a candidate for a county office he can poll a vote that will give him a claim then for favorable consideration

POLLUTION OF DRINKING WATER.

The Philadelphia Press of yesterday contains the following editorial

"The Chief Inspector of House Drainage, George L. Hughes, reports that 122 houses in Germantown and Manayunk are still discharging their house sewage into the Schuylkill river. This is done in spite of the expense to which the city has been put in building an intercepting sewer to prevent this and in spite of the grave menace to public health which this involves and the outrage to natural sensibilities in this pollution of the city's drinking water close to the points from which it is pumped into the reservoirs.

"The appearance of the water furnished the city at the present time is a disgrace to a civilized community. The abundant coal dust alone would make it black, and the deeply stirred up mud would make it yellow, and the combination is a particularly revolting brown It is, however, less unwholesome than when it is less in quantity and clearer, because the proportion of house drainage from Germantown, Manayunk and the sewers of nearby Norristown is greater as the volume of water decreases The lack of filter plant and storage basins when the river is deeply stirred up by ice and floods is the excuse given for the color of the water furnished For allowing house drainage to enter the Schuylkill within the city limits what excuse can be given?"

"The condition of Philadelphia today as to water supply is exactly the same as that of Hamburg last Winter. That city drew its drinking water from the Elbe, tainted with sewage, and furnished the same to its people unfiltered and unpurified. It needed but the advent of a period of hot, dry weather, with cholera at a distant point, to make it break out in Hamburg at half a dozen widely separated places at once, and rage with deadly virulence from the very beginning. Two cities situated so near to Hamburg as almost to bear the relation of suburbs, but which had better water than Hamburg was satisfied with, escaped the plague which desolated every part of the city right beside them.

"The difference was wholly in the water. Sewage-charged water meant pestilence and death for the people of Hamburg Water taken from a pure source or purified by filteration before using it meant immunity from disease for the towns of Waldek and Altona, adjoining Hamburg. Can Philadelphia afford to have Manayunk, Germantown, Norristown, and a host of smaller places within forty miles of Fairmount dam emptying their sewage into the Schuylkill and making it foul as the Elbe at a time when cholera is menacing our shores, and not make any effort to better its condition?"

Are there any similar conditions in the Delaware at Bristol that need attention?

OPEN AND CLOSE THE POLLS EARLIER.

The bill before the Legislature providing for closing the polls on election days at four o'clock instead of seven, is in the line of progress entered upon by the enactment of the new ballot law.

Experience last November proved that it is entirely possible to poll all the votes of a district in eight or nine hours. In many instances practically the whole vote was deposited in the ballot-boxes by noon.

The difficulty in regard to employes in various industrial establishments, who are often obliged to wait until six o'clock before they can vote, can be met by making the day of election a legal holiday, so that every citizen may have an equal opportunity to perform so important a duty as that of casting his ballot, or, as in New York, the polls might be opened at 6 in the morning, an hour earlier than at present.

There are many reasons why earlier closing of the polls is desirable The duties imposed on election officers by the present law makes the count much more tedious than it was under the old system They are obliged in some cases to work all night in order to complete properly the count and prepare the records for transmission to the county seat

Earlier closing of the polls would enable the result to be ascertained before midnight. It would prevent frauds frequently committed at present of districts makes it possible for the voters of each to deposit their ballots in eight or nine hours There is no reason whatever for prolonging the voting until seven o'clock.

If the hour for closing the polls were fixed at midnight, it is probable that some one would tarry until the last moment. It is a mistake to allow such persons to make a rule for those who are prompt and business-like in the performance of the duties of citizenship Let the hour for closing the polls be changed to four o'clock, and there will be less dishonesty and fraud, equal facility for the deposit of legal ballots, and greater convenience for members of election boards. The Legislature need not hesitate a moment in making the change —Norristown Herald.

—Miss Anna E Dickinson brought suit at Scranton against eight persons, two of whom are physicians, asking for damages in the amount of $125,000

Doubtless the Streets are Clean

A woman in Newburg, N Y, owns the village street roller and sprinkler business of the town, and has conducted it with great success and profit for seventeen years She employes twenty men, superintends the work herself, and does her own collecting

Her Bright Smile Haunts Him Still.

BALTIMORE, Feb 10 —Julia Marlowe had a lucky escape from losing a handsome cluster diamond pin last night She was stepping in to the elevator at the Hotel Rennett, when the pin dropped to the floor The jewel was found by W H Gibson, a brother of United States Senator Gibson, who after inquiry returned it to the actress and received a sweet smile as a reward

A Remedy for Diphtheria,

The Scientific American says that the following is thus far the best known remedy for diphtheria At the first indication of diphtheria in the throat of a child make the room close, then take a tin-cup and pour into it a quantity of tar and turpentine, equal parts Then hold the cup over a fire so as to fill the room with the fumes The little patient, on inhaling the fumes, will cough up and spit out all the membraneous matter, and the diphtheria will pass off The fumes of tar and turpentine loosen the matter in the throat and thus affords the relief that has baffled the skill of physicians

Judge Yerkes Renominated

The Democratic Judicial Convention, to nominate a candidate for President Judge of Bucks county, met in the Court House at Doylestown Monday morning and was presided over by ex Sheriff J D K Reinhart, of Quakertown

Harman Yerkes was renominated by acclamation Senator George Ross, who ten years ago presented the Judge's name as candidate again placed him in nomination, paying an eloquent tribute to his integrity, his worth and his qualifications

District Attorney Applebach, Henry A. James and Henry S Murfit and others also spoke eulogistically of Judge Yerkes.

SEVERE WINTER WEATHER.

(Continued from last week)

From Peirce's statistics of the weather in Philadelphia

In 1681 the Delaware river froze over in one night, Dec. 11th, so as to be passable on the ice.

In 1697 the winter was intensely cold.

In 1708, Dec 14th, the coldest day ever known in New England up to that time.

In 1727 28 the Delaware was closed for three months each year

In 1736 37 both winters were intensely cold and stormy, Delaware closed until March 14th.

In 1741 the winter was intensely cold Delaware closed from the 19th of December to the 13th of March, Many creatures died from hunger and cold As late in the season as April 19th, snow fell three feet deep.

In 1742 one of the coldest winters since the settlement of the country, a gentleman drove himself with a horse and sleigh through Long Island Sound (on the ice) to Cape Cod.

In 1764, Dec 31st, Delaware river was frozen completely over in one night and the weather continued cold until the 28th of March, with snow two and a half feet deep

In 1765 the winter was intensely cold On the 19th of Feb a whole ox was roasted on the Delaware

In 1772 the Delaware was covered with ice for three months

In 1780 the whole winter was intensely cold. The Delaware was closed from the 1st of December to the 14th of March The ice was from two to three feet thick During the month of January the mercury was several times from 10 to 15 degrees below zero, and only once during the month did it rise to 32 Long Island Sound and the Chesapeake were so completely bound as to be passable with horses and sleighs.

In 1782 winter very cold The Delaware froze over in one night opposite City of Philadelphia.

In 1783 winter long and severe. The Delaware closed on the 28th of November and continued ice bound until the 28th of March The mercury was several times below zero.

In 1788 winter intensely cold The Delaware closed from December 27th to March 10th.

In 1797 Delaware closed in January.

In 1799 Delaware closed January 22nd to past the middle of March

In 1800 Delaware closed in March.

In 1804 intensely cold

In 1806 Delaware closed January 22nd and continued so until February 20th.

In 1808 cold in January.

In 1810 Delaware closed January 29th and kept so till March 1st

In 1815 Delaware firmly ice bound, closed in Dec and opened again, closed January and continued so till second week in March.

In 1817 Delaware closed about the middle of January, broke after the 22nd and closed again on Feb. 2nd, and continued till March 9th On February 22nd an ox was roasted on the Delaware opposite Philadelphia

In 1821 the coldest January since 1780 in the United States The North river ice-bound from New York to Albany and crossed by sleighs from New York to Jersey City, but three other instances of the kind have occurred for a century, viz in 1741, 1765 and 1780 The sleighing was good from Buffalo, N Y., to the extreme part of Maine, and from St. Johns, New Brunswick, through the Canadas to Michigan and from Michigan [illegible]

Town Topics, that brilliant, spicy, though sometimes slightly naughty, society journal published in New York, makes the following announcement

"With the first issue in March Town Topics will be permanently enlarged to thirty-two pages Although it is generally conceded that already this journal has become the most complete, varied and entertaining to men and women of culture of any weekly ever published, yet the publisher grateful for the extraordinary favor with which the higher class of readers, not alone in America but wherever English is read, has received Town Topics, will be content only with renewal and greater efforts to produce a journal as approached in breadth of scope and excellence of literature Arrangements are now completed with Twenty five of the most distinguished writers of fiction to contribute short stories and serials to its columns Among them are such world famed authors as—

Amelie Rives
Mary J Hawker (Lance Falconer)
F Marion Crawford
Edgar Fawcett
Julian Hawthorne
Ambrose Bierce
Hamlin Garland
Paul Lindan
Catulle Mendes
Francois Coppee
Anatole France, etc, etc.

"Hereafter each number of Town Topics will contain a short story and a chapter or two of a serial by one or the other of these entertaining literateurs There will be no curtailments of the varied and interesting matter that has heretofore gained for the journal the unique and exalted position it now holds in current literature"

There is no weekly journal published which covers so wide a field of matters interesting to people of intelligence and culture as does Town Topics This new departure, giving to its readers the further benefit of the very highest order of fiction, will prove another element of popularity For the amount of reading matter that it gives weekly, it is the cheapest publication ($4 per year) in the world Clubbed with the great Quarterly Magazine, "Tales from Town Topics," each number containing an original prize novelette, the two are sent for $5 per year Town Topics 21 West 23 Street, New York

Mrs. A. A. Williams
Lynn, Mass.

For the Good of Others

Rev. Mr. Williams Heartily Endorses Hood's Sarsaparilla.

We are pleased to present this from Rev. A. A. Williams, of the Sillsbee street Christian Church, Lynn, Mass.:

"I see no reason why a clergyman, more than a layman, who knows whereof he speaks, should hesitate to approve an

Article of Merit

and worth, from which he or his family have been signally benefited, and whose commendation may serve to extend those benefits to others by increasing their confidence My wife has for many years been a sufferer from severe

Nervous Headache

for which she found little help. She has tried many things that promised well but performed little Last fall a friend gave her a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It seems surprising what simply one bottle could and did do for her. The attacks of headache decreased in number and were less violent in their intensity, while her general health has been improved Her appetite has also been better. From our experience with

Hood's Sarsaparilla

I have no hesitation in endorsing its merits."
A. A. WILLIAMS.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best family cathartic, gentle and effective. Try a box. Price 25c

A congested condition of the throat and bronchial tubes is a dangerous symptom. Inflammation of the bronchia extending downward may soon reach and involve the lungs Under such circumstances to avert consumption take Dr Bull's Cough Syrup regularly according to the directions on the bottle

Oh, What a Cough

Will you heed the warning The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease Consumption Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50c, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough It never fails This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year It relieves croup and whooping cough at once, Mothers, do not be without it For lame back, side or chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster Sold by Jno K Young, 557 Bath street, Bristol, Pa

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Piles or Hemorrhoid

Permanently cured without knife or ligature. No danger or suffering No delay from business while under treatment Patients who are responsible need not pay until well A perfect cure guaranteed Send for circular R REED, M D, 129 South Thirteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, February 13 1893

Red Room. Paris Lingerie.

Bargain Exchange. Linen Loom and Weaver.

Ever since November 15th the new Spring Silks have been coming. Our perfect stock of Dress Silks, shown under perfect conditions, is daily becoming more perfectly in accord with the great Public.

A feature—displayed yesterday. Silks for bridesmaids' use at weddings and for various full dress purposes, $1. You'd say $2. Only one story about the Silks. Everything is here that ought to be. Anything that ought not to be here gets a price impulse and departs. That's the case in a nutshell.

The pen sufficiently nimble to keep up with the accumulating varieties of Dress Stuffs has not yet been found.

Step into the aisles that home the Cottons. The cheaper sorts are beautiful. The styles charming; it seems almost insulting to write 16c against these Scotch Cambrics, 12½c against the Irish Lawns, 15c against beautiful Ginghams. Scotch and Irish are trade names only.

This is the golden age of Dress Goods, golden in all-aroundness. The golden winged can get the rich and rare stuffs from toplofty Paris, London, Vienna and the meagre purse is amply able to get things of beauty for a trifle.

The aisle that hives the fine Cottons! Full to - day. Where shall the throng be put that is swarming from custom house, railways, steamships?

Have you seen the silk striped Cotton Zephyrs? 40, 45, 60, 65c.

Have you seen the Oxfords and the Madras? 30, 35, 40c.

Have you seen the Cheviots? 45c.

Have you seen the dainty, zephyr, indescribably beautiful things grouped as Scotch Ginghams? 18 to 65c.

Yes? You haven't seen them all, the richness grows daily richer.

No? Then if you are a woman you have done yourself injustice.

An easy naturalness marks the early Dress Goods trade. A success that is succeeding abundantly. Every business day this year our sales of Cotton Dress Goods show gains over last year and that was a season beyond precedent.

People are learning more than ever the wisdom of early choices. How care is reduced if the Summer Dressmaking is finished in the early Spring!

What an advantage to see the fresh thought of a new season early! This is so sensible that it is only necessary for us to furnish the early supply to create the early demand. Contradicts all tradition. But this is an age of surprises.

Choices in Dress Stuffs.

The distinctions of choice are often marked by very fine lines of difference.

In times not long gone in this city, and still in other places, the quest of a particular choice in Dress Stuffs was apt to be long, weary and disappointing.

Our modern methods remedy all that. Right here are collected all the worthy stuffs of the world of Dress Goods If your taste dictates a stuff not found at Wanamaker's it would be best to give up the search—admit that it does not exist.

Our province to make shopping easy by concentration—to save miles of walk and hours of worry We have done this in the past, but this season more than ever.

Men's Clothing

Two sorts of Suits at $13 50 instead of $16 50.

1—All-wool Cheviot, blue or black, single-breasted coat, double - breasted Vest.

2—Clay Diagonal in neat styles.

Choice line of Men's Trousers at $5; good All-wool Trousers at $2 50.

Men's Derby Hats, $1 75.

And in the very front for style! Color black, weight light. We count them the best $1.75 Derbies we ever had.

Fur Robes, Coachmen's Capes, Caps, etc, are 20 per cent. under our own regular low prices.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

LENT Cut Prices.

Roses, Pansies, Daisies, Violets, Freesias, Narcissis, Dutesias, Heliotrope, Carnations, Calla & Easter Lillies, and many others at half the price I charged in January, with or without pots

Cyclamen, Tulips, Hyacinths and Primroses at usual prices. My display of Easter flowers will eclipse anything yet seen in a floral line in Bristol.

I am the only florist in Bucks county who grows such a large line of flowers. Call and Easter. No compulsion to buy. You can save money, get better quality and greater quantity by purchasing from me.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded and you keep the goods. Cut flowers guaranteed to keep ten days.

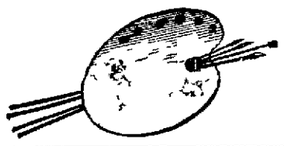
Floral designs, boquets and everything pertaining to the trade cheaper and better than can be had elsewhere.

Fresh, crisp SALAD for the table.

J. Thos. DeWitt,
Pond St., near Walnut,
BRISTOL, PA.
Telephone No. 4.

WILLIAM TERNESON,
Manufacturer & dealer in
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fine
Boots, Shoes & Gaiters,
Cor Mill and Pond Sts, BRISTOL, PA
A first-class calf-skin Gaiter, my own make, $3
Also a full line of John Mundell's Solar Tipped Children's Shoes

S. T. VALENTINE,



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GRAINER and GLAZIER,
No. 326 Radcliffe Street,
BRISTOL, PA
Estimates for Painting furnished upon application
Numbers for houses at moderate prices

GREAT BUTTER DEPOT
—AND—
Meat Market,
Thompson & Sons,
Fine Groceries,
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BRISTOL HARDWARE CO.,
323 Mill Street.
A Full Line of
Hardware & Builders' Supplies,
ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES AND JOBBING.
Goods at Philadelphia Prices.

Miscellaneous

NOW IS THE TIME

For those who are planning for summer tours and excursions during

1893

to look about them read, and reflect upon how, when and where they will go to when the time of vacation arrives

THE GREAT WORLD'S FAIR

will be an event to many in more ways than one Not only will it be an epoch in many a life, in the immense exposition shown, the display of what human brains and ingenuity can accomplish, but it will also be a thing to be remembered from the fact that it will be the basis for extended trips to see the sights, scenes and resources of our vast country

In this connection remember that the NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD traverses the Wonderland of America The plains, lake and mountain scenery found along its line is unsurpassed It is the only line running to the borders of the YELLOWSTONE PARK.

Keep this line in mind in your plans and write for tourist matter, maps folders, time-tables, etc, to

CHAS S FEE,
Gen Pass & Ticket Agent,
St Paul, Minn

We congratulate ourselves on the steady increase of our trade This has grown so great that we are compelled to build two additional stories to our already extensive establishment The secret of success is plain

HONEST GOODS,
SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP,
MODERATE PRICES

A. C. YATES & CO.
13TH AND CHESTNUT STS,
PHILADELPHIA.

The New York Sun.

During 1893 THE SUN Will be of surpassing excellence and will print more news and more pure literature than ever before in its history.

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is the greatest Sunday newspaper in the world.

Price 5c. a copy. By mail $2 a year.
Daily, by mail. - - - $6 a year.
Daily and Sunday by mail. - - - - $8 a year.
Address THE SUN, New York.

E. M. Eldridge's
Grocery and Provision Store, Wood and Mulberry Sts.,
IS THE PLACE FOR
Fresh Vegetables in Season
Try a can of Roast Beef, (A Luxury,) Twenty cents a can.
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Our Motto:
"Good Goods — Low Prices."

FOR—
VALENTINES
At all prices,
Go to headquarters
—AT—
W. H. J. Wilson's
STATIONERY STORE,
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TRADE MARK
FORSYTH & HOFFMAN,
AMERICAN WATCH
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S. E. COR. MARKET AND 13th STS., PHILA., PA
Our handsome Gold-Filled Hunting-Case Ladies' Watches, warranted for 15 years, are selling very fast. They only cost you $15.00.
SO IS THE BEST NICKEL ALARM CLOCK IN THE MARKET AT 85 CENTS
We are practical watch and clock makers, and guarantee what we do.
18-CARAT WEDDING RINGS A SPECIALTY
Open every evening, except Wednesday

United States Dental Association,
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Beautiful Sets of Teeth from $5 up, guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. Extracting 25 cts. Gas, 50 cents. Filling, 75 cents and upwards. Old Sets Repaired.
Office Hours, 9 A.M to 5 P.M.
Extracting with Pure Gas a Specialty

Miscellaneous

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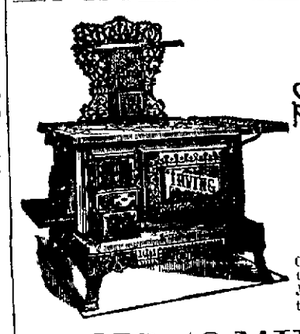
AT LIPPINCOTT'S

We have on hand a line of CARDEMON CARPETS suitable for bed-rooms, sitting, dining and kitchens, hall and stairways, which will be offered you at very reasonable prices. On account of their durability they will be very much cheaper than either Ingrain or Rag Carpets Nothing has been left undone by the manufacturer to make these grand wearing Carpets, both for quality and colors. Please come see them at

LIPPINCOTT'S, 245 Mill St, Bristol.



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DEALER IN
Stoves, Furnaces, Ranges
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House Furnishing Goods.

Now is the proper time to invest in a first-class Gasoline Stove Tin Roofing a Specialty Custom work done in tin, sheet iron, copper and zinc Jobbing and repairing in all its branches attended to promptly Stove repairs of all kinds

NO. 10 MILL STREET,
BRISTOL, PA

Large and Varied Stock!

YOUR ATTENTION IS DIRECTED TO A LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL LINE OF

-SLIPPERS-

Of which we have a larger and more varied assortment than has ever been shown before, and when the quality of goods is considered the prices will astonish you Gentlemen's Fine Ooze Calf, Fine Alligator in black, wine and tan, Fine Velvet Embroidered Ladies' Slippers in velvet, corduroy and felt. Slippers for Boys and Youths in velvet, embroidered, and other varieties.

Also, Gentlemen's Patent Leather Shoes and Dancing Pumps, all varieties.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,
No. 3 Bath Street, Bristol.
T. A. FARLEY.

A. F. Yeutter,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
Latest Styles.
Popular Prices.
RADCLIFFE STREET,
Near Market,
BRISTOL, PA.

S. W. GROFF,
DEALER IN
Fine - Groceries,
PROVISIONS, MEATS,
Fresh & Dried Fruits, Canned Goods, Vegetables, etc.
45 MILL STREET,
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Angus York,
Contractor and Builder,
Cor Cedar and Mulberry Sts.,
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HOUSES FOR SALE
ON EASY TERMS
HOUSES built to order.
ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

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Furniture Repaired, Upholstered, Carpets sewed and laid, Carpets taken up and cleaned, Mattresses renovated, Window Shades made to order, Chairs re-caned, packing of Furniture, and Repairing promptly and satisfactorily attended to.

Queen's Lavender Cream,
An elegant application for Chapped Lips and Hands, Irritation of the Skin, Eczema, &c Pleasant and not Poisonous
25 Cents a Bottle.
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MILL WORK
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REASONABLE PRICES.
Canal and Dorrance Sts.,
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Manufacturer and Dealer in
FLOUR!
FEED, GRAIN, SEEDS,
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All goods sold at lowest cash prices Try the celebrated Climax Flour.
Orders delivered promptly in all parts of the town.
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LAMPS AND FIXTURES.
CONFECTIONERY!
Corner Pond and Dorrance Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

☞Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1893

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK--Arrives at 7.00, 10.45 A. M., 3.10, 7.30 P. M. Close at 7.00, 8 15, 11.30 A. M, 4.00, 7.00 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA --Arrives at 7.00, 7.45, 10 00 A. M, 1.45, 1.40, 7.30 P. M. Closes at 6.00, 10.00 A. M, 2.40, 6.40 P M.

NEWPORTVILLE--Arrives at 8 00 A. M. and leaves at 8.08 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c--Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Close at 11.45 A M.

BELVIDERE DIVISION — Arrives at 10.45, A. M, 3.12, 7.30 P. M. Close at 7.00, 10.00 A. M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY, MORRISVILLE—Arrives at 10.45 A. M., 3 30 P. M. Close at 7.00 A M., 4.00 P. M.

TRENTON--Arrives at 7.00, 10.00 A. M., 3.30, 7.45 P. M. Leaves at 7.00, 8 45 A. M, 4 00 and 6.45 P. M.

WESTERN--Arrives at 7 45, 10.00 A. M. Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H H. FINE, P. M.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Leave Bristol for Phila., (Broad St.) *2.46, 5.35, 6.30, 6.51, 7.12, *8.12, 8.23, *9.14, 9.23, *10.26, 12.05, A. M. 12.56, 1.17, *3.03, 3.12, 4.02, *4.58, *5.37, 5.45, 6.25, *7.00, 8.51, 9.27, 11.20 P. M. Sunday trains, *2.46, 7.00, *8.11, 9.00, *9.23, 10·26, A. M. *12.25, 5.00, 5.43, *7.21, 7.30, 8.51, 9.28, *11.03 P. M

Leave Phila. (Broad St.) for Bristol, 12.01, 3.20, 6.07, *6.50, 7.32, 8.30, 9.55, *11.14 A. M. 12.01, 1.10, 1.35, 1·50, 2.43, 3 32, *4.05, 4.20, *5.00, 5.02, 5.25, *6.00, 6.01, 6.21, 7.27, 9.17, *10.00, 10.28, 11.31 P. M. Sunday trains, 12.01, 7 40, *8.30, 9.05, 11.45, A. M. 2.06, *5.20, 5.53, 7.25, *8.12, 10.25 P. M.

(*) Express trains.

MEETING OF BOROUGH FATHERS.

The Analysis of the River Water Given —Requests Made for the Use of the Streets by Trolley Companies—The Flushing of the Sewers, etc.

At the stated monthly meeting of Council held on last Monday evening there were present: Francis Fenimore, Burgess, and Messrs. Curran, Clark, Grundy, McFadden, Spring, Smith, Scott, Strauser, Whitely, Wright and Wood.

The Street Committee reported that an electric light on Beaver Dam road and one on Radcliffe street had been ordered as per instructions of Council; that the flushing of the fire-plugs had been ordered once a week; recommended the continuance of Charles Appleton for one month as street commissioner; and reported the work on streets for the month at a cost of $82.20. On motion the report was recorded and filed.

The committee on Fire Protection reported the purchase of play pipes and nozzles for $55, that as the limit set by Council was $50 that Fire Company No. 2 had paid the extra $5.

The Police Committee reported the number of arrests for the month to be 3, and the number of tramps given lodgings in the station house 63.

The report of Dr. Atkinson of the State Board of Health, who made an inspection of the borough was presented and read, and on motion was ordered to be spread upon the minutes. The report will be found in another column.

The report was accompanied by a statement of analysis of four samples of water by Henry Leffmann, M. D., analytical chemist and expert, of Philadelphia. The result of the investigation of three of the samples was published in last week's GAZETTE, of the fourth sample, taken from a hydrant on Washington street, Dr. Leffmann says:

PHILADELPHIA, 2, 9, '93.

DR. W. P. WEAVER,

Dear Sir:—The sample of water you sent shows a considerable amount of suspended matter, largely derived, I presume from the iron pipes. The water is not suitable for drinking purposes. The microscope shows a mixture of mineral matter with fragments of vegetable structure, but nothing of definite character. The figures for the albumoid ammonia is high. I have not deemed it necessary to make a detailed examination of this sample as it is evidently unfit for use.

Yours,
HENRY LEFFMANN.

An ordinance, supplimentary to an ordinance requiring the numbering of houses, was taken up and adopted by title and section separately and then as a whole. The ordinance is published in full in our advertising columns. The Clerk reported the following correspondence between the Borough and the Water Company:

BRISTOL, PA., Feb 7, 1893.

ANTHONY SWAIN, ESQ.,
PRESIDENT OF BRISTOL WATER CO.

Dear Sir.—At a special meeting of the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol held February 6, 1893, called for the purpose of taking into consideration the sanitary condition of the borough, it was reported that the dead ends of the water mains of the Bristol Water Company were so constructed that they could be washed out or flushed, and by direction of the Burgess and Council the clerk was authorized to make a request of the Board of Directors of the Bristol Water Company that such washing or flushing out be done as early as possible and frequently.

Yours,
J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.

BRISTOL, PA., Feb. 11, 1893.

J. WESLEY WRIGHT, ESQ.,
CLERK OF COUNCIL.

Dear Sir:—Your letter of February 7th, to the President of the Bristol Water Company, respecting the flushing the dead end of mains of the Company, was considered at a meeting of the Board this day and the following reply authorized:

That it is the custom of the Company to place at the end of every main or very near thereto, a fire-plug branch, which, after connection with a fire-hydrant, enables the company to flush the main, whenever it is desirable so to do.

The few dead ends in the town would be in condition for this cleansing, had the borough kept pace with the main extensions, by planting fire-hydrants at the various localities provided.

As every one of the branches has been placed at points, where facilities to extinguish fires are needed, the Board suggests that the Borough shall plant these hydrants, in order that both objects may be attained.

Yours truly,
G. M. DORRANCE,
Clerk Bristol Water Co.

On motion the correspondence was received and filed.

The placing of a lien on the McAdam property was referred to the Borough Solicitor to report at the next meeting of Council the status of the matter.

The following resolution was presented:

RESOLVED, That the Burgess and Clerk of Council be authorized and directed to sign, and affix the seal of the borough to a petition to the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania requesting the passage of an Act to amend an Act, entitled "An Act to amend the Charter of the Borough of Bristol, granted the fourteenth day of November, A. D., 1720, and the several acts supplementary thereto," approved the fifteenth day of February 1861, by striking out of Section 10 of said act the proviso contained therein, which reads as follows: "Provided that the whole amount of indebtedness of said borough shall not at any time exceed the sum of ten thousand dollars." The resolution was adopted.

On motion of J. R. Grundy, the Burgess was directed to appoint a committee of three to prepare the petition and act in conjunction with the citizens' committee in forwarding same to Harrisburg.

The Burgess appointed Messrs Strauser, Spring and Curran as the committee.

On motion the Finance and Public Property Committee were instructed to audit the accounts of the Borough Treasurer and report a the March meeting.

The following communication was presented and read:

TO THE HON. MAYOR OF THE CITY OF BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PENN.

Dear Sir.—Your city suffers at present from an epidemic of typhoid fever. The cause of which it we are correctly informed, is attributed to the bad quality of the city's water.

Dr. E. Morwitz the owner of Cold Spring Farm, which has an almost unlimited supply of very pure water, derived from its well-known springs, desires to let you know that he is most willing to permit the City of Bristol to take, free of charge, as much water from the springs as it may desire to do.

It could be shipped in barrels either by boat or railroad to Bristol. If you think such a scheme advisable and practicable, please advise me at once and if convenient, I will call on you Saturday afternoon on my way to farm, or be pleased to meet you or any representative of yours there, to talk the matter over.

Very respectfully,
D FOER-TENBERG,
614 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

On motion the Clerk was directed to prepare and have signed by the Burgess, and attested by the clerk and the seal of the corporation, a resolution of thanks to Dr. Morwitz for his thoughtful offer.

The following letters asking for privilege of using the streets of the borough for electric railways were read:

TO THE BURGESS AND COUNCIL OF THE BOROUGH OF BRISTOL.

Gentlemen.—On behalf of the Bristol and Newtown Street Railway Company, I hereby apply for the right of way within the Borough of Bristol, and respectfully request that you will take such action as you may deem best to facilitate negotiations between the Borough and the Company . . . Respectfully,
A. WEIR GILKESON.

TO THE BURGESS AND MEMBERS OF COUNCIL.

It is hereby requested that your honorable body grant permission to the Bristol and Trenton Passenger Railway Company, and the Holmesburg and Bristol Passenger Railway Company to construct and operate a line of railway along the streets and highways of the Borough of Bristol.

Respectfully Yours,
EDWARD MORRELL,
Treasurer.

On motion of Mr Maule the matter was referred to the Street Committee and the Chairmen of the Police and Finance Committees to report at next meeting of Council.

The Clerk reported that he had received during the year for licenses $30, for building permits $3.

The High Constable returned a number of warrants issued for 1891 taxes, which were endorsed as the parties having left town, dead, invalid, or owning personal property.

Bills a mounting to $1084.08 were read, passed, and ordered paid.

Council then adjourned.

An Old Friend.

It is pleasant to look once more upon the shining face of the river. It has long remained secluded in winter quarters, hidden from the sight beneath its icy panoply Perhaps it had a full right to indulge in the uninteresting process of hibernation, tamely yielding to stern winter's ruthless captivity. The dull, inanimate mantel that covered it like an all-spreading helmet was a weariness to the eye only redeemed a brief period by the enlivening spectacle of the gay and joyous skaters. Apart from that fascinating feature there was no life in it, no poetry, nothing to kindle the imagination. It only tantalized the observer by reminding him of the inevitable heat of summer, when that which lay before him as a great waste would be cared for as a refreshing luxury, unfriendly to his sagacious views of economy. We are powerless to reverse the natural order of things, otherwise we might appeal, and not in vain, to the stately stand-mine to retain permanently its inner casing of solid ice, so that all the inhabitants, "male, female and boy," might serenely enjoy a dissipation of ice-water through all the summer months.

The first glance at the free and moving water, after its liberation from the thraldom of frigid chains, was a source of quiet ecsacy, and the stately flow greeted the vision like the appearance of an old friend It was a welcome sight good to behold, our fair, familiar river, and one among those whose majestic presence

Becomes a benefaction to the towns They visit.

The smiling surface of the gently flowing liquid, subject to daily and almost hourly variation, is a thing of beauty that is worthy to be called a perpetual joy. Soon will be added the floating objects, great and small, that will enliven its spacious surface, objects gay and grave, representing the world of pleasure or the more solid world of trade, reminding one in a single thought of the savory shad and the commerce of the Nation. What a happy transition from the breastplate of ice to the glory of the gridiron!

The first stray object that will make its appearance on the river, whether it be important or unimportant, a boy's boat or a panting tug, a venerable scow or a graceful sail, will be hailed with a show of pardonable glee, although under any other circumstances it might not arrest ordinary attention. Even the first house-fly commands the eye and excites remark, not always complimentary to that vexing insect, and the pioneer among the blue-birds, arrayed in surpassing beauty, seeming to be more attractive than ever, will invite enthusiastic notice, and cause even common eyes to beam with delight, as well as Doctor Abbott's. All may be fitly classed among the cheering harbingers of springtime, which slumbers not far away, to be wakened in its own good time, and to flood the earth with beauty.

Wearied with the dull waste of ice, all eyes welcome the sight of the river. It is well for it to be freed from its icy imprisonment, for now the water can freely breathe the air and bask in the glowing sunshine, as if it were a thing of life. In other words the essential process of aeration can go on unimpeded, and this will qualify the water, contribute to its purity and wholesomeness, and thereby minister to the health of the people. Whatever possesses the secret power of accomplishing this important end is an undisguised blessing, capable of making all hearts glad save those which sadly nurture their sacred sorrows. W.

—Numbers of Bristolians have been to Trenton to see the ice gorge.

—The steamboat Florence passed Bristol this morning on her way from Bordentown to Philadelphia.

—The season of Lent began yesterday. The usual services are held in St. Mark's and St. James' churches.

—At the Union Building Company meeting last Tuesday evening, one loan was sold at 15 cents monthly premium.

—The supper at Riverview Hall, last Saturday evening, given by Bristol Division, S. of T., was largely attended.

The strength and fame of the Continental is world wide. See Adams, 117 Mulberry Street.

CONCERNING THE TROLLEY.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—I promised you to say something about the proposed trolley road when the time to talk had arrived. As the matter has now been brought before the Borough Council it seems that the time has arrived.

First as to the objections. I have carefully listened to all these because the weight of objections is really the great matter to consider. If there were no objections there would be little to talk about, and nothing at all for the Borough Council to consider

The only objections I have heard are—1. It will not pay. 2. It will tear up the streets. 3. It will be controlled by strangers. 4. The object of the promoters of it is to make money 5. It will be unsightly. 6. It will be noisy. 7. It will be dangerous.

1 "It will not pay." This may be true I do not know what will prove it however, except actual trial. It is the common objection to all new enterprises—the invariable criticism of those who do not go into them, as a well known business man of the upper end of the county remarked to me the other day. "I never take much stock in that objection, in my experience it is generally expressed as a reason for not going in, it offers a good excuse for not favoring anything, and covers a multitude of objections, that the objector may privately have, but may not be willing to express, because they are selfish ones and their expression would do him no credit, so he falls back on 'it won't pay.'"

I am quite willing to admit that this objection is a very forcible one and a very proper one to any one who wishes to keep out himself or to save his friends from what he believes will be a loss, it will not be Bristol's money that will be lost. If there is any sort of public reason in it at all certainly the opinion of a party of men who have carefully examined the question and are prepared to back their favorable opinion with their money, is of more weight than that of men who have not investigated the matter at all For my own part I can say that having gone over the proposed line and conferred with representative citizens from one end to the other, I am more than ever convinced that the road will ultimately confirm my first opinion and will develop a paying business. That it will pay from the very start I gravely doubt, or that it will prove a great bonanza I do not believe, but it will supply a want and offer a convenience that the people will appreciate and be willing to pay for to an extent that will yield a fair return for the investment I do not doubt at all. If the projectors of the Water Company and the Electric Light Company had been scared by this objection, the town would yet be without water and without electric light.

2. "It will tear up the streets." From the earnestness with which some of our citizens urge this objection one might suppose that a trolley-car was a snorting, plunging demon armed with clawed feet and a spiked-tail designed to go careering through the streets scattering stones and death, dirt and destruction over all the town, and when one sees with what complacence we all regard the tearing up of the streets by the Water Company, the Gas Company and by private citizens, it is scarcely possible to restrain a smile at such an objection. It will tear up the streets indeed! well, with the exception of Bath street, which has just been finished and not yet torn up again, I do not know of any street that would not be vastly benefited on being "torn up"——and left so Radcliffe street is a very respectable stone heap and Mill street is a venerable quagmire, and if the trolley road can by any possibility make our thoroughfares any worse than they are, I for one would like to see it as a matter of curiosity. In point of fact, however, there is no better driveway possible to be made than two smooth iron rails for wagon wheels to run on and a hard road-bed between them for a horse to trot on.

3. "It will be controlled by strangers." If I had not lived in Bristol so many years, and heard this objection constantly raised against every new comer, I should doubt its sincerity. In the early days of our dawning prosperity as a manufacturing town, it was the great offence of which all the mill owners were guilty. The Bristol Improvement Company was organized for the express purpose of bringing strangers here and it was not looked on with favor by many excellent people for that reason. Thomas L Leedom & Co. and Edward T. Steel & Co. are the last "strangers" Terrible pirates who have come here to fasten their fangs into us! Let us up and at them! Drive them out! What difference does it make if they employ a couple of thousand of our people and make our town better known? Away with them! and by all means keep out [illegible] here with their trolley. They will do us no end of mischief Think of it! They are talking about investing a hundred thousand dollars here—we don't want it! They are talking about building a road that will have to employ men to build it and other men to operate it after it is built—we won't have it!

I must admit this objection. These men are strangers, their trolley cars will carry other strangers into the town and carry our own people out of the town to localities where they are strangers—worse and worse! The road will not only introduce into our town the terrible disease of "strangers" but will inoculate our own people—drag them away and give them a horrible attack of "the strangers" as well. Sad as the calamity will be, the objection is true There is no good in lying about it and I can offer no excuse to palliate it.

4. "The object of the promotors is to make money" This also is unfortunately true. The trolley road is not projected as a missionary enterprise. The road will be run for exactly the same purpose that all the other business in the town is run. I cannot answer this objection. I can only say that it is absolutely true in theory and that every effort will be made to make it absolutely true in fact. The promoters of the road will certainly do their best to make all the money they can out of it, and, unfortunately for Bristol, this will necessarily involve the accommodation of the citizens, since the only way we can make money out of them is by selling them accommodation in little five cent chunks To this count of the indictment I can only plead guilty and ask for mercy, pointing out that the Improvement Co. and the Water Co. and the Gas Co. and the Electric Light Co. and the Cemetery Co. and all the storekeepers and even the Bank and the landlords and you, good reader, and I are equally guilty.

5 and 6. That the road will be unsightly and noisy is no doubt a valid objection from an æsthetic point of view. I must confess however, that much as I admire beauty and quietness, there are conditions when they are out of place, and in a manufacturing town I do not care to see them if they involve the absence of business and activity. To my eyes there are few things more beautiful than a square and solid-looking factory and little as pleasing to my ear as the noise of the machinery, because both indicate business and activity. I would not select a mill as a place to spend a couple of days for rest, nor would I choose the impressive solitude of the primeval forest to establish an office in. If we want a live town, we want all the conveniences we can get for business, and if they do not prove things of beauty or incliters to repose, it is scarcely to my mind a reason for doing without them.

I recollect that Lord Kames in his "Elements of Criticism," I think it is, descants at great length upon the beauty of a column of smoke ascending through the still air of a calm summer morning. A friend of mine once remarked that the beauty of the smoke didn't appeal half so strongly to him as did the idea of the business that was going on at the other end of the smoke. I feel pretty much that way about quietness and the trolley.

7. "It will be dangerous." This was the great objection to the electric light. It has been worn so threadbare and proved so false in other places where the trolley runs, that it is tiresome to consider it. I can do no better than repeat a conversation I overheard the other day in one of the hotels along the proposed trolley route, where I was stopping. A couple of men, who did not know me, came in, and, after a little while, one said to the other, "What d' ye think o' this here trolley road?

"Why, I'm in fur it clean through—ain't you?"

"Yes, I think it 'll be a mighty good thing—guess it 'll pay too, but I ain't quite satisfied about it, they tell me there's danger about it."

"Oh! What is there there ain't danger in if you don't use it right? If you're going to stop business in these days every time the old maids say scat, you'd best go down yourself."

The investigations of the Philadelphia Record show that there has not been a single death from trolley current in 27 towns from which reports were received

So much for objections raised; the consideration of the advantages to be derived I will have to leave for another issue owing to lack of time.

A. WEIR GILKESON.

—The new passenger station will be opened today at Cornwell's, Pa., on the New York Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, about six hundred feet west of the present station, and the station at Andalusia will be abandoned.

Typhoid in Bristol; What Dr. Lee says About It.

Dr. Benjamin Lee, secretary of the State Board of Health, was spoken to on Friday about the typhoid fever now prevailing in Bristol, and said that the board through its medical inspector, Dr. William B Atkinson, is prosecuting an investigation, with the two-fold object of ascertaining the causes and preventing any further spread of the disease. He had on his desk a plan of the borough, showing the location of all sewers and the localities in which the disease had been or is prevalent. One set of figures indicating suspicious cases, while another referred to pronounced cases of typhoid fever.

"We sent Dr. Atkinson to Bristol on January 25th," said Dr. Lee, "and he made a careful and very thorough investigation of the matter. Up to that date, according to his report, there had been about one hundred cases of fever, but I do not know how many deaths. He found that several sewers emptied into the river close to the water works, one being less than a block away, and in his report he said the water supply is about equally divided from pumps and hydrants, and that the disease had apparently occurred to a greater extent among those who used hydrants than among those who used pumps.

"He also mentioned the somewhat significant fact that the disease does not prevail outside of the borough limits. There is no general system of sewerage, and of the several sewers used, a majority are owned by individuals. Many houses are furnished with the rudest form of cess pools, there being no box or well, and the filth runs over the ground in every direction, saturating the earth.

"Dr. Atkinson suggested in his report that the supply pipe of the water works should be extended very much further into the stream, that there should be a proper observance of sanitation in the provision of better cess-pool arrangement, that the saturated soil should be disinfected and filled in with fresh soil.

"While the investigation was being made," continued Dr. Lee, "the water was subjected to a chemical analysis. Three samples were taken—one from a dead end, another from a pipe near the water works and a third from a pipe rather remote from the river front but connected with a house in which a case of typhoid had been found. The analysis showed that the water taken from the dead end was very impure, while the other two specimens were fairly good. So far as that analysis is concerned, we decided that the water was not objectional; but bacteriological and microscopical examination will be made to determine the presence of germs of typhoid."

"Have you determined whether the disease is typhoid fever or typhus?" Dr. Lee was asked.

"Typhus is a disease which we very seldom have, and we found that in the case of Bristol the disease is typhoid. Typhus comes from overcrowding and filth, and is directly infectious; whereas, typhoid is only taken by the introduction of the germs into the stomach through food and drink—in a vast majority of cases through drinking water."

"In the absence of the finding of germs by chemical analysis in the water, to what do you attribute the disease?"

"The germs may be in the water, and that will be ascertained by the examinations yet to be made, but I have suggested that the milk be examined in connection with the examination of the water. I am not in a position to say whether or not the disease comes from the water, and will not be able to tell until after the examinations."

"Has the State Board made any suggestions to the borough authorities to guide them in their future action?"

"We only suggested the boiling of all water and the general cleaning up of the town. The authorities are hampered by a clause in their charter which restricts them to incurring a very limited debt. They are now attempting to have that clause repealed so that they may be placed on the same footing as other boroughs."

"It has been suggested, doctor, that the method of supplying water to the houses is, of itself, likely to prove dangerous to the health of its residents. Do you know how it would affect them?"

"That refers, doubtless, to the lack of basins. There isn't a storage reservoir in the place, and the water is not given a chance to be rid of sediment. Instead, it is pumped directly from the river to the houses and there used, no matter what its condition may be.

"The State Board of Health, ever since its establishment, has had a bill before every Legislature for the protection of the purity of the water supplies of cities, towns and villages, but, up to the present time, it has not succeeded in convincing the Legislature of the importance of such a matter. The only water supplies in the State which have been protected are those of Philadelphia and Pittsburg and that protection extends only for about five miles beyond the city limits." —Doylestown Democrat.

—Next Tuesday is election day.

—Miss Caroline N. Keeler, one of Bristol's public school teachers, who has been ill at her brother's residence, in West Philadelphia, is convalescing.

—Republicans in casting their ballots should be careful to make the cross in the squares wherever the word "Republican" occurs. Let no votes be lost by carelessness.

—The Rev. W. H. Clipman is delivering a course of lectures on the "Church in the United States." The lectures are given in the Baptist church every Tuesday evening, at 7.45 o'clock.

—Letters remaining in the Bristol postoffice February 16th, 1893: Edward Crandall, Michael Cavanaugh, Mr. Frick, Miss Mary Lonnell, J. C. Miller, Mtes Annie Mitchell, John Roth and May C. Terry.

"The Sun" sheds its protecting rays over many properties in Bristol. See Adams, 117 Mulberry Street.

—Jesse H. Knight, assignee, has sold at public auction the Barton and Stradling farm in Bristol township, 105 acres, to William Praul, for $6,405.

—Henry C. Taylor, senior member of the firm of Taylor & Hulshizer, and a prominent citizen of Doylestown, died suddenly of heart disease on Tuesday morning.

—The homestead farm of Ellen M. Garr, consisting of 166 acres in Bensalem, and an adjoining farm of 58 acres belonging to J. C. Sharp, has been sold to a Philadelphian, for a stock farm.

—Petitions to the Legislature in favor of constructing a dam on the Delaware river, at Morrisville, opposite Trenton, are being circulated for signatures throughout the lower section of Bucks county and many names are being enrolled.

CAUSE OF THE EPIDEMIC.

Report of Inspection at Bristol, Bucks County by Wm. B. Atkinson, on Account of Prevalence of Typhoid Fever. Inspection Made January 25th, 1893.

Population 7000, a borough; John C. Manle, President.

Drainage almost wholly surface into the Delaware river.

Water supply in about equal proportions from pumps and from hydrants.

About one hundred cases of typhoid fever, some of a doubtful form have occurred since the beginning of the year. A number have died, and four were lying dead at the time of my visit. I met all the physicians of the borough and they agreed in the statement that many were marked typhoid, while a number of cases were of that doubtful form, typhoid malarial. The Borough Council and the physicians had urged care in disinfection, the use of only boiled water, etc. The prevalent belief was that while some cases had occurred where the pump water was supposed only to have been used, yet in much the greater number, the disease had occurred where the hydrant water was employed. The latter is furnished by a company who draw the supply from the river, the in-take pipe being only a short distance out in the stream and so situated that it readily takes in the sewerage from the sewer pipes just above.

In addition the surface drainage flows above and below into the river, so that this aids in pollution of the water. Many houses are furnished with the most rude form of cess-pool, there being no box or well and the filth running over the ground in every direction, saturating the earth, and thence flowing into the river. The borough surveyor has provided a map on which the physicians agree to dot the location of cases, and also will furnish data for each as to the water used. The disease does not prevail beyond the borough limits. I made a thorough survey of the place and find also that a canal which is nearly empty receives much contaminating matter and finally pours its contents into the river.

The streets appear to be as clean as might be expected at this season and under the heavy load of snow on every side. I have urged care in using only boiled water, in careful disinfection of the stools, etc., in all cases of the disease. As so many things point to the in-take as a source of the pollution of the water, I suggested the analysis of samples of the water. It certainly is of the utmost importance that the supply pipe of the water works should be extended very much further into the river, as there is now abundant opportunity for the serious pollution of the inflow. The analysis will show its condition.

I would also urge that some effort be made to compel a proper observance of sanitation in the provision of better cess-pool arrangements, the removal of the soil where saturated, and after disinfection that these places be filled with fresh soil. While this exists it affords a nidus for an epidemic of diphtheria, scarlet fever, etc.

PHILADELPHIA AMUSEMENTS.

The Plays for This and Next Week at the Principal Theatres.

THE PARK.

Annie Pixley is at the Park this week in her play new to this city, entitled "Miss Blythe of Duluth." The story turns on a very green young man who distrus's his young wife's housekeeping ability, and puts the reins of domestic power into the hands of his elder sister, Letitia. The young wife soon feels that she is nobody in her own house, and not much more in her husband's heart. He is set upon by a couple of sharpers, masquerading as English lord and lady, [illegible] with the latter of whom he is led on to elope. Financial ruin hovers over him all the while. Everything unpleasant in this imbroglio is straightened out by the sound sense of his sister-in-law, Beasie Blythe, who gets the better of everyone in the traditional stage way. The play is embellished with new and catchy songs and medleys, and will be interpreted by a fine company.

In "As Innocent as a Lamb," in which Roland Reed appears next week at the Park, the popular comedian has been having the best season of his career. Chicago, St. Louis, Brooklyn, Cincinnati and New Orleans have pronounced the piece his best. It enables him to be seen in a new and novel characterization, Tobias Pilkington, an eccentric broker, who has a passion for the game of whist. It is particularly suited to Mr. Reed's quaint style and methods and is one of his merriest and happiest roles. The piece is the joint work of W. Stokes Craven and Glen MacDonough. It is well constructed, with most interesting complications and witty dialogue.

BROAD STREET THEATRE.

The second and last week of "Peaceful Valley" began last Monday at the Broad Street Theatre, and this suggests that no greater or more deserving success was ever achieved by an actor than that gained by Mr. Sol Smith Russell here during the past week as Hosea Howe. A more enjoyable impersonation of an eccentric and lovable character this country has seldom, if ever, seen before. Sol Smith Russell is never tiresome or conventional. Strong individuality marks all his work and his creations are illuminated by a quantity of humor that pleases more the more it is seen and felt. The comedian's new creation, Hosea Howe, in "Peaceful Valley," presents a character that reaches the universal sympathy of mankind. Tender, true, pathetic, quaint, it creates much mirth at times, and yet the feelings of the audience are frequently touched and the tears glisten in the sunshine of the comedian's bright humor.

Next week E. H. Sothern comes to the Broad, producing his new play "Captain Letterblair" for the first time in Philadelphia.

THE ARCH.

Hyde's Comedians, made up of shining lights of the variety profession, are at the Arch. Every artist is associated with more or less distinction in his or her line. Among those who take part in the programme are little Ola Hayden, who opens the bill with an eccentric song and dance; then follows Joe Hayden and Queen Hetherton, descriptive vocalists and portrayers of refined repartee; Miss Isabel Ward, in her musical melange; Filson and Errol, in their original comedy creation, "Women vs. Men;" O'Brien and Carroll, versatile comedians and singers up to date; the surpentine mauvels, Marco and Alroy, in their novel act, "The Lizzard's Nest;" Helene Mora, the great female baritone, in original character songs, the fine Hebrew impersonator and mimic, Frank Bush, in his original witticisms; Ayburd, in his original comedy creation, "The Tramp;" the celebrated musical entertainers Tom and Lillie English, in their novel and pleasing specialties, including Miss English's charming whistling solos, the whole concinding with the screaming afterpiece "Matched," introducing the entire company.

THE CHESTNUT STREET OPERA HOUSE.

"Jane," with its merry plot, its superabundant fun and thoroughly entertaining qualities of comedy and cast, enters on its third and last week next Monday at the Chestnut Street Theatre. Miss Johnstone Bennett is so excellent in the leading role and the rest of the company so good in her support that it is a stand-off as to whether admiration or laughter has the best of it in the audience. The popular comedietta, "Chums," will continue the curtain-raiser, and Master Cyril Tyler, the wonderful boy soprano, who created a great sensation in Philadelphia during the fore part of the winter, will appear between the plays in a selection of his favorite songs. His repertoire includes selections from the classics, operatic, oratorio and ballad schools, which enable him to give a greatly varied programme at each of his appearances. His interpretation of such selections as "The Bird Song," from the "Pearl of Brazil," and the Bach Gounod "Ava Maria" is really brilliant.

THE WALNUT.

The Walnut presents this week for the first time in Philadelphia "The New South," by Clay M. Green and J. R. Grismer. It is not a war play, as its title might possibly suggest, but a romantic drama, the scenes of which are laid in Georgia in the year 1885. The negro in politics and the system of leasing out convicts are its elements. The son of the family quarrels with his sister's lover, an army officer, and is stunned by a self-defensive blow from the soldier's scabbard. While he lies senseless a revengful negro finds him. He stabs to death the man he hates, using the officer's sword and thus creating false evidence, in which the officer is sentenced to penal servitude for life. His sweetheart is alone in believing him innocent. She has the convict leased into her employ and finally rights the oblivious wrong. "The New South" is well mounted and played by a company of exceptional strength.

Mr. Murray sings "Kathleen Mavourneen" at the Empire this week, and what lends additional interest to the event is the fact that Professor Crouch, the author of the song, will be present to lead the orchestra. A keen desire on the part of the public to see the man who composed "Kathleen Mavourneen" would be quite natural.

Messrs. Rich and Harris have secured Miss Julia Marlowe for a season of four weeks next year. The engagement has been made of this length in order that her admirers may see her in a repertory of twelve characters.

Evans and Hoey have been engaged by Manager Howe for a week at the Park Theatre in March.

John Drew, in "The Masked Ball," comes to the Broad Street Theatre early in April.

Convenient and Economical.

The great advantage of Humphrey's Specifics over every other system of medicine is briefly: They are simple—so that no mistake is made in selecting or giving the remedy. They are convenient—curing at once numerous ills, ailments and diseases, to which all are liable. They are beneficient—by their timely use five-sixths of all the diseases may be arrested without serious illness or calling a physician, thus saving a vast amount of suffering and a multitude of lives They are reliable—in the entire list there is not one which has not the guarantee of the most ample experience over and over repeated, as to its great curative value and efficacy. They are economical—a few doses often saves a visit from the doctor, and a long course of sickness with its heavy expenses. Humphreys' Specifics are the result of a discovery of a particular remedy or specific for each particular disease. This is accomplished according to a law announced by Dr. Humphreys to the profession forty years ago, and since elaborated and extended to the whole series of his Specifics. Manual free.

The best test of the quality of paint is exposed to the weather. Winter snows and summer suns will prove its value of lack of it. Poor paint loses its brilliancy and peels off under the sun's scorching rays. When you apply paint to be durable and always smooth and glossy, see that you get the Chilton brands. They are manufactured in the most careful manner, of the best—therefore the dearest—materials. They are seven times ground over and possess a solid body almost unknown in other paints, but see that they are applied to a dry surface. Any paint will peel if applied to a wet or even damp surface. Where the pores of the wood are filled with moisture, oil cannot enter.

CHILTON MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Boston and New York.

Reduced Rates to Washington on Account of the Inauguration via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the benefit of those who desire to attend the ceremonies incident to the inauguration of President-elect Cleveland, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Washington March 2d, 3rd, and 4th, valid to return until March 7th, 1893. The excursion rate from New York will be $8, from Pittsburg $10, from Buffalo $15, and from Philadelphia and all other principal stations on the Pennsylvania system, two cents per mile.

The inauguration promises to be a most interesting event, and will undoubtedly attract a large number of people from every section of the country.

The magnificent facilities of the Pennsylvania Railroad makes this line the favorite route to the national capital on all occasions.

Found—the reason for the great popularity of Hood's Sarsaparilla—simply this: Hood's CURES. Be sure to get Hood's.

Shiloh's Cough Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it Price 10c, 50c. and $1. If your lungs are sore, chest, or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Jno. K. Young, 557 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

Cut Flowers and Funeral Designs.

Designs in Natural and Dry Flowers, Wheat, Doves, Motto Ribbons, Metal Wreaths Roses, Carnations, Smilax and Heliotrope.
Harry Chambers' Flower Store,
223 Market St., Bristol.

Just the Thing.

This is an expression the traveling public generally use when they find something that is exactly what they want. This expression applies directly to the Wisconsin Central Lines, which is now admitted by all to be "The Route" from Chicago to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth and all points in the Northwest. Their double daily train service and fine equipment offers inducements which cannot be surpassed.

This is the only line running both through Pullman First Class and Tourist Sleepers from Chicago to Pacific Coast Points without change.

For full information address your nearest ticket agent or JAS. C. POND, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt., Chicago, Ill.

Unequaled as a pain-destroyer.—MR. E. D. Weiss, Gay Building, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I have used your Salvation Oil several times and find it unequaled as a pain-destroyer. I was troubled with pains in my legs and tried several remedies which did me no good. I then used Salvation Oil and the results were good."

John Kesiah

Has opened a restaurant under Tyler's clothing store, where the people of Bristol can get a good stew and a full meal at all hours.

Oysters in every style. Pie and milk and a good cup of coffee. Call and see him.

Dr. Ella R. Shinn,
DENTIST,
No. 50 Bath Street, Bristol.

Now is the time to look after the Teeth, before the cold winds of winter make them ache. Few places of this size can have the privilege of a lady dentist, who is known for her painless, careful and correct treatment of the teeth. The artificial teeth are beautiful. Pivot and Gold Teeth a specialty.

This is the place to have teeth extracted without pain.

Dr. T. S. Heineken, of Burlington, is here on Wednesday mornings.

☞Houseworth, Specialist on the Eye, will be at the Jewelry Store of B. C. Foster, Cor. Mill and Wood Streets on Monday, February 20th. Consultation from 9 A. M to 5 P. M. Will examine your Eyes without charge. Every pair of glasses guaranteed satisfactory.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once.

A Heavy Sentence.

So many walls need pretty coverings that The Felchty Wall Paper Co. of 12 N. 11th St., Phila, have sentenced to be hung this fall, some 50,000 pieces of Wall Paper. Send four two cent stamps for samples of embossed papers for 10 and 12 cents.

Miscellaneous

Printers

Printing ink stains are removed and jammed fingers healed by the use of

KIRK'S DUSKY DIAMOND TAR SOAP

because of its high percentage of tar.
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.
JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

White Russian Soap Does Not Injure the Most Delicate Fabric.

An Ordinance

SUPPLEMENTARY TO "AN ORDINANCE FOR THE SYSTEMATIC NUMBERING OF THE BUILDINGS NOW ERECTED AND HEREAFTER TO BE ERECTED, FRONTING UPON THE STREETS OF THE BOROUGH OF BRISTOL," PASSED THE 14TH DAY OF SEPT A. D., 1891

The Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol do ordain:

SECTION 1 That it shall be the duty of the Committee of Streets and Highways, by the High Constable of said Borough within thirty days after

WHAT A WOMAN SAYS.

When a woman's will is thwarted
She will toss her pretty head,
She will close her lips quite tightly,
While her cheeks get flaming red.
And, though her breast be surging
With the pride that's struggling there,
She never fails to tell herself,
"Oh, really I don't care!"

"I do not care," she argues
With a quiver of the lips
And a feeling in the throat
That most uncomfortably grips.
She shrugs her dainty shoulders
And assumes a reckless air—
"Why, what a goose I am!" she says;
"Of course I do not care!"

"I do not care," she reasserts,
But surely there appears
A moisture on her lashes
That's suspiciously like tears.
The corners of her mouth grow weak,
Her breast is heaving, too;
"I—do—not—care—a—rap," she sobs,
"Boo-hoo, boo-hoo-hoo-hoo!"

—Puck.

SUSANA.

There was an indescribable tumult; cabs and express wagons crowded the muddy street; men were running with bundles on their shoulders; the newsboys were shouting with discordant voices. What animation! How brilliant the electric light! Everything denoted hurry and work, even the hiss of escaping steam from the engine about to move.

How tedious! An interminable hour before the train would arrive. Tired of walking I leaned against a post and by the bluish rays of the electric light read, for the twentieth time, this paragraph of a letter:

"I shall arrive Thursday. Come to the station to meet me. It is possible that my cousin Susana may come with me to spend the 16th of September. I am anxious to see you. Your friend, MIGUEL.

Miguel! My friend, my confidant, my brother! Ah, the sweetness of friendship!

To pass away the time I walked away from the station toward the fields. I seated myself on a pile of ties, and with my chin resting on my hand pensively watched the darkening landscape. The grove was a blur. I do not know what there was in the outlines of the distant houses, in the watchman's lantern, shining in the shadow like a red eye, or in the distant glimmer of a lighted window almost lost to sight, that should depress and sadden me. What frightful shapes the clouds seemed to take, heaped in their immensity, outlined in sinister forms by the lightning, advancing like a somber army of monsters, the monsters of the tempest! Not one pale star! The wind, the cold, the darkness, memory, perhaps presentiment, something inspired me with an unspeakable, bitter sadness on that cold, wintry night.

The past! My native land! Behind those silhouetted mountains, still beyond the valley, far away, were my people—that is to say, childhood, youth, family, my heart, Susana! On thinking of her the sad thoughts fled—the sadness, heavy, overwhelming, threatening as those storm-clouds, gave place to the rosy tints of hope.

Again I seemed to see blue mountains flooded with sunlight, their peaks encircled by a violet haze, the morning mist floating in the valley; the billowy maize field; the grove, thick and dark, beside the road; the white cottages in the distant landscape. My people! My Susana! She, the only one who ever distracted my attention during mass; she who sang with me in the moonlight on the balcony; she who hung on my arm during our walks; she who made me love to think of the future!

The pencil of memory was drawing with indelible lines two pictures which I can never forget—my first and my last interview with her alone.

The first meeting was when the twilight was fading, the country was asleep, the milpas undulating like the sea, the pueblo quiet, until the frogs in the neighboring marshes began to intone their monotonous and melancholy serenade.

Trembling at every sound, I was waiting behind a maguey for the promised signal. I started at the rustling of a withered leaf blown by the wind.

When I saw a light I was to approach it, imitate the whistle of a bird, wait till I heard a slight cough, and then— The mud walls of the adobe remained dark, and I was afraid. Of the solitude? Of the night? No; of the senorita's father. (Those senors are always brutal and unfeeling.)

Comfort! A light shines, and I approach tremulous and cowardly. My mouth is dry and I can scarcely whistle.

"Juana!"

"Susana!"

"Come up carefully."

My energies fail me. I have fallen twice; but at last here I am, with my pantaloons torn and muddy, astride the adobe wall.

"Do not move."

"No; I am coming down. Tie Corzo so that he will not bite me."

"He knows you already. Take him, Corzo! You see, he wags his tail."

"My darling, here I am. Where are you going?"

"Here—this way, to the arbor. No one is there—come."

Moving softly on tiptoe, holding aside her starched skirt of percale, that it might not rustle, she preceded me to the arbor, and we sat down there side by side. She shuddered a little and finally said:

"I am afraid of the darkness."

"Afraid with me, who loves you?"

"Hist! Do not let them hear you; they are in the kitchen. Listen," she added in a lower voice. "I have made you come solely to tell you that it is worse than useless for this to go on any further. I am older than you. When you are a man I shall be an old woman."

"How old? Not more than"— And taking her in my arms I added, "Old or young, you will be my Susana; I shall love you always—always."

"Yes, you say so now, but by and by"——

We were silent. Under such circumstances little is spoken. At length she sighed and said, "Do you swear that you love me?"

"Yes; I swear it to you."

"No, no, it is not fitting. Forget me. It is best. Are you angry?"

"No," I answered ironically.

"Are you angry?" she cried passionately, "when I adore you?"

"My Su"——

"Hark! I hear a noise! Go!"

Fear seized upon her and upon me also. I felt my valor ooze from my finger tips.

"They are not coming. The mozo is a telltale, and is capable of spying on us in order to tell papa."

I was cold; I fancied I saw a man in every shadow.

"Susana!" cried a voice from a door opening into the courtyard.

"Mamma!" she answered, and in a hasty undertone added: "Quick, hide yourself! There," she said, pushing me, "stay behind"——

"What are you doing?"

"I am busy."

"It is dangerous for you to be out in the dew. What a child you are!"

I, dazed with fear, crouched in a corner and was on the point of fainting, when I felt a dark object moving beside me. My heart stopped beating, for I thought it was the mozo, but it proved to be a pig.

"What do you wish, mamma? Will you bring me a light? My candle has gone out."

The senora brought a light, and both turned in at the door, but as they did so the daughter said to her mother: "Wait a moment. I forgot my handkerchief."

Approaching my corner she murmured, "My life, goodnight."

The last time that I saw her I had no fear. That was a mute scene. She threw herself sobbing on my neck. She wished to look at me till the last instant, and her great dark eyes, ardent and humid and full of inconsolable sadness, were fixed on my face.

I never since have cried as I did then. She blessed me, hung amulets about my neck, and pressed her lips to mine in one long, intense kiss. She gave me her icy hand for the last time and sobbed in uncontrollable grief, "Go."

I climbed slowly over the wall.

"Adios, my love, my life. Until my return, farewell," I sobbed, wild with grief.

My friend Miguel was awaiting me.

"You know all," I said to him. "Make this parting easier for her. Give her my letters; send me hers."

He tried to console me. He took my arm and spoke such words as are inspired by sincere friendship. How rare it is to find a being so disinterested so loyal! He promised to join me after a few months. He would tell me of her. What a comfort! I should have one of her relatives with me.

At last! The shrill whistle of the locomotive rent the air, and I listened to it with the most intense anxiety. There comes the train. It is a blot of light, a star in the darkness of the grove. It grows larger; it comes nearer; now the great headlight projects a cone of red into the shadows; it illumines the steel of the rails; gigantic, powerful, it rushes into the station.

The people are crowding forward; arms are opened to receive the dear and dusty travelers; trunks are hurled about; one hears laughter, sobs and kisses. And she? In vain I search for her profile among the women who are passing. She is not among them.

"Juanote!" cries a manly voice, and robust arms hug me to suffocation.

"Miguelito! How large you are! And did"—

"She did not come; aunt is sick; the family expect you to visit them in your vacations. Julia sends you this basket of fruit; Uncle Andres, these guavas, and Pepe this jelly. Where is my valise?"

"Cochero, take these bags! Step in, Miguel. No. 9, Peredo!"

I had wept. The coming of my friend, the messages sent by his family, even the dust of his clothes, brought to my mind more than one recollection of my country, of that distant home—a perfume of those flowers of passion, the only ones on the altar of my heart, all my hopes, my idyl.

"And Susana—tell me about her. Why does she not write to me? Does she love me? Is she forgetting me?"

Never shall I forget the pallor of cowardice that covered Miguel's face, nor that glance that wounded me like the dart of an asp, that tone of cringing supplication, that feigned repentance, that gesture with which he brought forth his letter case, like the gesture of an assassin who seeks his weapon.

"Kill me, brother!" he exclaimed. "She is my betrothed!"

He threw upon the table a portrait and some letters.

Yes, that was her picture, identical with the one which I had; that was her handwriting, her signature, and even those phrases of hers, which I knew by heart—"If you do not love me tell me so; I will die dreaming that you love me; my heart is yours till death."

How could I pronounce that, "I congratulate you?" What power enabled me to listen smilingly to the details of his love which he related with tranquil voice, while my soul was flooded with thoughts of evil, of tragedy, of crime? How was I able to dominate my fiery passion and declare that I no longer loved her?

When he left me I said pleasantly, "Come again in the morning."

I threw myself on the bed without undressing, and buried my head in the pillows; I longed for darkness, for silence. Gloom, as a funeral cortege, all my memories of the past filed before me.

A belief in friendship had been killed in my soul—a love that could never be replaced had died in my heart.

For his reason I am saddened when in the night I hear the whistle of trains going or coming.

But it has all passed. A fugitive bird, I found a nest, loved in it, and, far from the scene of those events, I am forgetting them.

Friendship is sweet for some, but sad for others.

After the embrace, the treachery! After the kiss, the sting!—Translated from the Spanish of Gonzales Micros for Romance by Helen W. Lester.

Eyeless Fish in Boiling Water.

One of the most remarkable discoveries in the shape of a peculiar species of fish ever made on this continent was that made at Carson City, Nev., in 1876. At that time both the Hale & Norcross and the Savage mines were down to what is known as the "2,200-foot level." When at that depth a subterranean lake of boiling water was tapped. This accident flooded both mines to a depth of 400 feet. After this water had all been pumped out except that which had gathered in basins and in the inaccessible portions of the works, and when the water still had a temperature of 138 degs.—nearly scalding hot—many queer looking little blood red fish were taken out. In appearance they somewhat resembled the goldfish.

They seemed lively and sportive enough when they were in their native element—boiling water—notwithstanding the fact that they did not even have rudimentary eyes. When the fish were taken out of the hot water and put into buckets of cold water for the purpose of being transported to the surface, they died as quickly as a perch or a bass would if plunged into a kettle of water that was scalding hot; not only this, but the skin peeled off exactly as if it had been boiled.

Eyeless fish are common enough in all subterranean lakes and rivers, but this is the only case on record of living fish being found in boiling water.—St. Louis Republic.

The Most Remarkable Suicide.

The most curious suicide in the annals of self destruction occurred at Chiquete, N. B., in the spring of 1890. Before committing the deed the self murderer, who was named W. R. T. Jones, dug his own grave and placed a rough coffin of his own handiwork at the bottom. The dirt from the opening was kept from rolling back into the excavation by boards held in place by a trigger to which a string was attached. Everything in readiness, the deliberate Mr. Jones, as subsequent developments revealed, got in the coffin, took a dose of poison and then pulled the string, burying himself beneath tons of earth. This has been put down as one of the most unique and successful cases of self destruction on record.—Philadelphia Record.

Finding a Lost Ring.

A gentleman living at South Kensington was traveling with his son from Gloucester road to Mark lane on the underground railway. Arrived at his destination, the young man in opening the carriage door dropped from his finger a valuable ring, which fell between the carriage and the platform. The station inspector, who happened to be standing near, said: "All right, sir; I saw it fall. Wait till the train is gone, and I'll get it for you." And directly the train moved out he duly jumped down on to the line, but no ring could be found. The gentleman waited some time and then went home.

An hour or so afterward the son went again to the railway station to inquire if the ring had been found, and while standing there the same train entered the station, having been right around the inner circle, and, wonderful to relate, on the lower footboard of the carriage the ring was discovered, having traveled the whole distance lying on the open board.—London Tit-Bits.

Dick Turpin's Ride.

Foremost among English feats of horsemanship we have one which for generations has been represented in the circus ring. Dick Turpin's famous ride from London to York has taken its place among nursery legends, nevertheless it was actually performed, and stands as a record of its kind. The highwayman, riding with the very best reason in the world—the safety of his neck—covered the distance of over 200 miles in a little under twelve hours. This performance stands alone as the longest and fastest journey ever made on the same horse. Most of the long rides of which record exists have been made for wagers; such records are therefore reliable.—Chambers' Journal.

Information About the Bible.

The following are some answers to questions on divinity: Esau was a man who wrote fables and who sold the copyright to a publisher for a bottle of potash. Explain the difference between the religious beliefs of the Jews and the Samaritans. The Jews believed in the synagogue and had their Sunday on a Saturday, but the Samaritans believed in the Church of England and worshiped in groves of oak; therefore the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans. Titus was a Roman emperor, supposed to have written the "Epistle to the Hebrews." His other name was Oates.—Miss A. C. Graham in University Correspondent.

CHANCE IS UNFAILING

BEHAVIOR OF THE BALL IN A ROULETTE WHEEL SHOWS THIS.

Record of 31,374 Spins on a Table at Monte Carlo—The Black Appeared Nine Times Oftener Than the Red After Forty-eight Days' Play.

Is there any reason why a little ivory ball spun around a roulette wheel, which is provided with thirty-seven little stalls, each of the same size and number from 0 to 36, should not fall in the thirty-sixth every time? Every one will say at once this question is absurd. Yet, if it is absurd, can any one explain why? If at the termination of one spin the ball has fallen into stall No. 36, why should it not fall there again on the next spin as well as into any other particular stall? Chance, you will say, is against it, and you will be right, but probably without being able to give a satisfactory reason why—that is, it is not an easy matter to give a proper definition of the word chance.

A record has been published giving the results of forty eight days' play at roulette table No. 2 at Monte Carlo. This record was made up by persons not connected with the establishment, and is probably accurate. It shows that in these forty-eight days' play the ball on this particular table was spun 31,374 times. On the roulette table two colors are recognized, black and red, and they are equally distributed among the thirty-six stalls of the wheel (excluding the zero), and we should expect that out of such a great number of spins the red and the black should have appeared an equal number of times. What actually occurred is graphically represented as follows: Number of spins, 31,374—black, 15,222, red, 15,293.

In other words, after spinning the little ivory ball around the wheel 31,374 consecutive times—a task which occupied the greater part of each day for forty-eight days—the black appeared just nine times oftener than the red. The average for the difference between the two colors for each day of the forty-eight was sixteen, and the greatest difference between them on any one day was fifty-seven. The greatest total difference between them at any one time was 108—that is, from the beginning of the forty-eight days of which the record was kept the black and the red were never more than 108 apart, and at the end of the month and a half they were practically even.

Again, in 31,374 spins, any first class gambler will tell you, each of the thirty-seven numbers (including the zero) should have appeared 847 times.

He will not be able to tell you why it should be so. He will merely say that in the long run it must be so, because it has always been so in the past. As a matter of fact one number, the 17, appeared precisely 847 times. Ten other numbers appeared within the range from 842 to 852, and 15 other numbers from 834 to 858. So that out of 37 numbers 26 appeared within 25 of the correct mathematical average. Of the remaining numbers 6 appeared within 50 of the required 847, and the other 5 were somewhat farther out of the way, but the greatest error of all was 79, which is pretty good considering the number of spins. If the record had been compiled after twice as many spins the error would probably have been reduced one-half.

Suppose that instead of spinning the roulette ball the keeper of the roulette table were to employ a human being to call out one or other of the thirty-seven numbers 30,000 times in succession, and were to instruct him to maintain all the averages of these many chances with approximate accuracy, and to do so without employing any method or regularity detectable by the keenest scrutiny. Even suppose that the roulette keeper were considerate enough to allow the human being to use a lead pencil and paper and whatever other mechanical convenience he might name as well as unlimited time, he would find the task beyond his powers, and if he were required to make all the calculations rapidly and in his head he would soon give it up in disgust or become a howling maniac.

And yet chance does it every day in the year. And it does it in such a manner as to baffle the intelligence of all who try to discover any method in its work. It performs it so as to neglect no interest, leave out no combination, color, number or series. Chance therefore does what a human being can never hope to do.

There are many persons, however, who, to judge by the manner in which they play, find it difficult to believe that chance is absolutely impartial. You may hear a man whose opinions on other subjects you would receive with respect, gravely declare, for instance, that longer series are encountered at "Trente et quarante" than at roulette, or vice versa. Or, again, that there are not so many long series on odd and even as there are on the colors, or perhaps that certain numbers have a tendency to follow certain others.

There are the superstitious players—those who back the number of their room at the hotel, or of the railroad car in which they traveled, or the first number they notice on entering the salon—or some number they dream of, read of or hear repeated. Hundreds do this every day, and it therefore follows, the odds being only 36 to 1 against each, that several must do so successfully. But the losers are reticent; only those who win talk much about it, and thus superstition is kept alive.

Clustering of events is absolutely necessary in order to maintain an average. An average can only be kept up in one or two ways. 1. By perfect regularity. 2. By clustering. It is impossible that events over which we have no control, such as fires, shipwrecks or railroad accidents, should take place regularly. If, for instance, you learned from statistics that the average number of fires in some large town during a period of twenty years was thirty-six, to find that that exact number took place every year would be more remarkable than that fewer took place some years and more during others.

Periodicity, then, is very observable on the gaming table; each number appears once in thirty-seven times on an average, but not every thirty-seventh time; therefore it appears in numbers, more or less—there being no other way. Each event displays the same tendency; periodicity is always at work.—New York World.

Building a Coal Fire.

There is an art in making a coal fire in a grate. An expert first clears the grate, then fills it half full of coal, on which is built a wood fire. The wood ashes on top of the coal, it is said, prevents its rapid consumption, and a fire thus constructed, burning slowly with a moderate heat, will last all day.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Downing Broilers.

"What started the broil between you and your neighbor?"

"His broilers. They scratched up all my garden. But I downed 'em."

"How?"

"At Sunday breakfast."—Harper's Bazar.

A Weapon of Ill Omen.

A weapon of ill omen was that used by Hugh Miller, the famous geologist. While having a bath, he shot himself with it and it dropped into the water. It was sent to the gunmaker's to be cleaned. He took it in his hand, when it went off and killed him on the spot.—London Tit-Bits.

Chinese Cats.

The high bred Chinese cat is a splendid proof of what may be done by kindness and culture. If you were to repeat to a well to do and untraveled Chinaman the current saying with us that cats are selfish creatures, utterly devoid of affection, he would be very much astonished, and, if the owner of a thoroughbred, probably indignant. The Chinese cat appears capable of intense attachment to one person, and ages of selection and careful breeding have brought the species up to a high standard.

The Chinese claim that one of these cats—and any cat to some extent—is a valuable clock. In the morning the pupil of its eye is a broad band; it contracts regularly till noon, when it is a mere hair line, and expands again as regularly till night. So when a Chinaman wants to know the time of day he picks up his cat and looks.—Chicago Herald.

Miscellaneous

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